

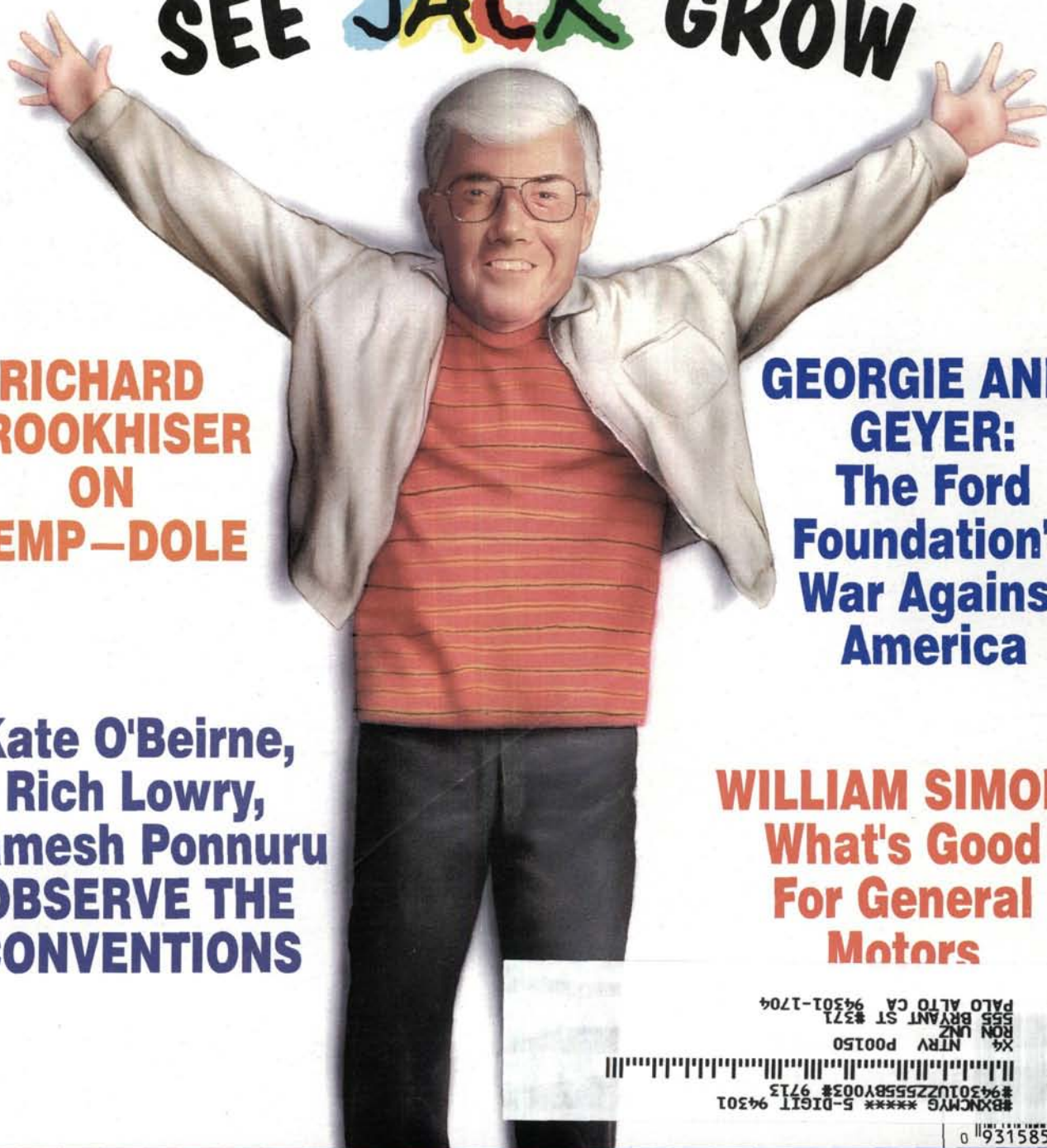
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SEPTEMBER 16, 1996 VOL. XLVIII, NO. 17

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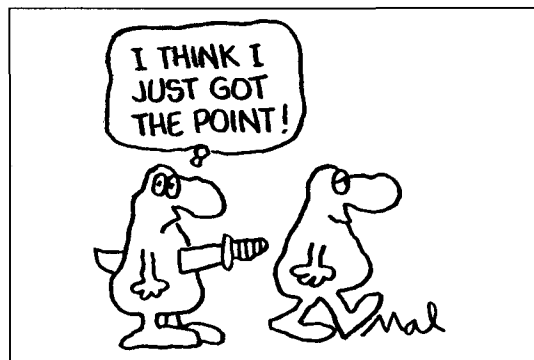
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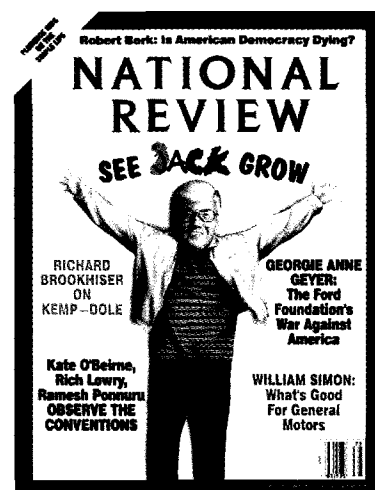
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LETTERS

Free Speech for Christians

In "The Week" [Sept. 2] you noted an interesting legal argument—that the Christian Coalition's voter guides, contrary to the Federal Election Commission's complaint, do not constitute "express advocacy." While this argument may have merit in providing a court with the narrowest ground on which to dismiss such a complaint, I would have thought that a journal dedicated to first principles might have noted the absurdity of having to reduce the issue to such arguments.

In order to justify stretching the First Amendment to cover all sorts of "expression" in our time, the courts have lost sight of the fact that the Amendment's original purpose was to protect the transmission of political ideas. Thus, the FEC's entire mandate—and most of all when applied to a religious group engaged in speech about an election—must be viewed as constitutionally spurious. In the same issue, you carried an advertisement for Town Hall, designed to equate it to the pamphleteering of the American Revolution. Surely, the distribution of voter guides is such pamphleteering in its purest form and thus entitled to complete First Amendment protection.

Emil Arca
Bronxville, N.Y.

Hopes and Aspirations

As black Americans, my father and I had a vested interest in Steve Sailer's "Great Black Hopes" [Aug. 12]. My father (a medical doctor), feeling greatly inspired, immediately sought out the nearest *Chicago Tribune*, harboring only the most sincere hope that he might find an advertisement for a job in sales.

My reaction to the article was similar, but slightly more effusive. For now I had discovered that my real calling in life is not to engage in serious scholarly study of history (I am a college student with a 3.87 GPA), but to drop out and apply for the prestigious job of assistant manager at the local Kmart. In all seriousness, Mr. Sailer's poor attempt at intellectual discourse did not surprise either of us, because, after all, would the late Dr. Du Bois not have looked better with an Employee of the Month award, rather than a doctorate from Harvard University?

Harvey J. Whitfield Jr., aspiring salesman
Harvey A. Whitfield, aspiring manager
Chicago, Ill.

If Mr. Sailer is right that black masculinity as it is currently constructed is a block to success in menial and entry-level jobs, then we might be in for more trouble than we think. Mr. Sailer's suggestion that a group capitalize on its strengths, in this case on-the-spot creativity and charisma, is a wonderful one. Unfortunately, most industries that depend on such values tend to be systems with very narrow pyramids. Only a few make it in Hollywood or basketball. Such activities squeeze a few to the top and leave the rest to make up a frustrated cheering section. What if the information economy specializes in creating lots of dweeby jobs—stay-at-home indexers, software developers—which in some way permanently undercut the prospects for finding decently paid "manly" employment while, at the same time, making possible ever-more-effective celebrity demonstrations of that same manliness? This would be like replacing a mass citizen army with a few gladiators. The ideal becomes more attractive even as it becomes less attainable.

David C. Brooks
Warsaw, Poland

As futurist George Gilder has long pointed out, if we don't indoctrinate boys in constructive ways to prove they're men, they'll invent their own, like drive-by shootings. Sports and show biz are certainly preferable, but as Mr. Brooks perceptively notes, being winner-take-all professions, they can't do much economically for the average black. Thus, our society needs to highlight for black youths those careers that are attractively manly, yet well-paying to more than just a few. For example, a lot of white men, but not yet many blacks, find sales attractive.

While it's natural for blacks in elite professions (like the Whitfields) to feel sensitive about my suggestions, they in turn should be sensitive to the harm their kind of outspoken snobbery does to less intellectual blacks. Not everybody can be a doctor or lawyer; those who can't shouldn't be encouraged to hold less prestigious work in contempt. —SS

Bob, Show Them You're Not Bill

Rich Lowry's "Jumping Ship" [Aug. 12] is right on target. Bill Clinton *needs* to triangulate because the Democratic Party is way off target, to the left of the American mainstream. Americans want less government

and more individual freedom, lower taxes and more take-home pay, more traditional values and an end to cultural decay.

Bob Dole, on the other hand, is in the center of the conservative electorate. He needs to secure his conservative base by articulating his conservative ideology and emphasizing the differences between him and the protean impersonator.

Let the much-ballyhooed moderate voters trickle to the Reform Party. But what Dole and Jack Kemp cannot afford to do is to allow the Religious Right to sit this election out and the NRA-civil libertarian branch to flock to Harry Browne and the Libertarian Party. The GOP would not only remain out of office, but become dispirited and without a soul.

Miguel A. Faria Jr.
Macon, Ga.

O Sole Mio . . .

Ralph de Toledano ["Salvaged from Schmaltz," Sept. 2] thinks that Placido Domingo "seems more comfortable singing light classics and Latin popular music than he is on the stage of the Met." This statement is beyond absurd and indicates complete ignorance of a very great *opera* singer. No one on the opera stage today can equal Domingo—vocally, artistically, dramatically. He is a marvelous musician and is able to do many things well, including singing popular music. But it is as an extraordinary opera performer that he truly excels, as everyone who sees him at the Met and elsewhere knows.

Carol N. Rackmales
Tarrytown, N.Y.

The Right Choice

In "The Week" [Aug. 12] you reported that after a Bible-quoting contest the loser shot the winner. I am now convinced that I made the right move, some 63 years ago, when I decided to smoke rather than attend church activities. It appears that Bible-quoting in Alabama is much more dangerous to one's health than smoking cigarettes in California. Is the Surgeon General aware of this? But, for me it's a sad day. I finally have proof that I've done something right and my mother-in-law isn't around to see it. May the gods be with you . . .

A. L. Ponciroli
Aptos, Calif.

Look What They Gave Us

Regarding "The Week" [July 15], good luck to the Southern Baptists if they think they can override God and convert the Jews. Meanwhile the fact is that the Jews produced Jesus—the Southern Baptists gave us Bill Clinton!

Natalie Parry
New York, N.Y.

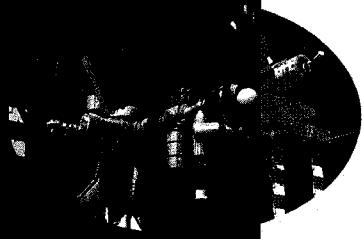
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ALL KINDS.



FROM THE EDITOR

Sense and Sensitivity

■ Winning a larger share of the black American vote is a worthy aim for Bob Dole for reasons of both low politics and high principle. It would give Republicans a better shot in elections across America; it would force the Democrats to try *deserving* black support; and it would provide black conservatives with a chance of political representation that represents them.

But it seems that the first instinct of any Republican seeking black votes is to embrace a black liberal. The Dole-Kemp duo began their campaign by addressing the National Association of black Journalists. This group, which gave a standing ovation to the Rev. Louis Farrakhan a few days earlier, is a group of *journalists*—which means that they would probably be voting Democrat by margins of 80 to 20 if they were WASPs.

But black Americans as a whole are conservative on crime, prayer in the schools, gay rights, immigration, abortion, and social morality in general. If racial distrust can be overcome, then they would respond to any candidate who sought their help on such issues.

The place to do so would be a Southern Baptist church on a Sunday morning. The speech would be a sermon. And the theme would be not quotas, but—from a sinner to other sinners—the charity we must all show one another.

■ We devote some attention in "The Week" to the media's coverage of San Diego. To put their errors in perspective, however, look at their coverage of the GOP's little outing at Houston.

This is now generally agreed to have been a fiesta of hate and bigotry that cost moderate George Bush the election.

Ramesh Ponnuru points out to me that among many victims of this delusion is R. W. Apple, who in a recent *New York Times* wrote: "Houston, after all, was followed by the defeat of George Bush, who entered his hometown convention a favorite for re-election, yet lost."

In fact, a Nexis glance at the newspa-

pers of the time shows a very different picture. Bush entered the Houston convention trailing badly in the polls. Mr. Bush's position *improved* as a result of the convention by between 6 and 9 points (leaving him 10 points behind Mr. Clinton—about where Bob Dole is today).

But this recovery proved short-lived. Mr. Clinton re-established his 15 per cent lead within a week, and he remained ahead until the election.

The reason? Reflecting opinion at the time, the *New York Times* reporter, Adam Clymer, cited his failure to convince voters that he was "committed to change and to reviving the economy."

Making a similar point at his Escondido rally, Pat Buchanan ran a video-roster of various television notables, like John Chancellor and Ted Koppel, enthusiastically praising his speech on the convention's first night.

All to no avail. The Convention of Hate is now so firmly lodged in political folklore that even the GOP's party managers believe it, and so organized San Diego along opposite touchy-feely lines. We'll see what good it does them.

■ I am glad to announce that our ever-popular misanthrope, Florence King, will in future write her column in every issue of *NR* rather than in alternate issues only. Let Sensitive Man tremble.

As for Insensitive Man, namely Joe-Bob Briggs, author of among many works *Iron Joe-Bob*, he will now assume two additional tasks we have been pressing on him. As J-BB, he will contribute book reviews and "Manners" pieces; and in his real identity of John Bloom he will take up the position of *NR*'s theater critic. When not reviewing plays, Dr. Jekyll can be seen on Friday night's TNT where, as Joe-Bob Hyde, he introduces various horror movies.

Incidentally, I should thank contributing editor Steve Moore for invaluable help in commissioning and editing the economics section of "The Real Bill Clinton."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The Republican National Committee received a record 423,000 contributions totaling \$24 million in July 1996—compared to 410,000 contributions during the entire year in 1992, and a previous one-month record of \$14 million in October 1992. . . . Republicans turn up the heat on **Bill Clinton** for not releasing his medical records. Republicans are thought to be looking for evidence of treatment for venereal disease. . . . Clinton tells *60 Minutes*, “I’m willing to pledge right now that I, I have no intention of raising taxes”—eerily similar wording to pledge he made in October 1992. . . . Press secretary **Michael McCurry** on the fallout from the welfare bill: “If the President has to live without the support of the National Organization of Women in the coming election, he’ll just have to pay that price.” . . . Betting men: Longtime conservative activist **Donald Devine** writes, using first person plural, that “victory is in the bag for Mr. **Dole**. And we take our predictions seriously. We were the first, on Nov. 22, 1994, to predict Bill Clinton’s rejuvenation if the Republicans tried to govern from Congress, and we do not make prognostications lightly.” GOP strategist **James Pinkerton** tells New York, “I’ll make a flat proposition. We’ll never elect another pro-life President.”

■ Third-party woes: **K. B. Forbes**, former press aide to **Pat Buchanan**, steps down as communications director of U.S. Taxpayers Party, saying, “I’m outta here. Some of these people are crazy.” In a letter to presidential nominee **Howard Phillips**, he wrote that the party’s convention “has attracted—what I believe to be—the rudest and most mentally unstable wannabe political activists and ‘media’ in the country.” . . . Among the “voting problems” in **Ross Perot’s** Reform Party: **Richard Lamm** and his daughter, **Heather**, did not receive ballots and were not allowed to vote until Perot interceded. . . . **Alexander Cockburn** laments the passage of the welfare bill in *The Nation*: “A Democratic President has just declared that this opportunity to kick women and children into the

snow cannot be passed up, has destroyed a big chunk of the New Deal, and not one major Democratic figure has defected.” Cockburn also wishes *The Nation* would “abandon its childish Dole-prickings, like ‘Was Dole really a war hero?’ Come on, guys, the man got wounded badly while engaged with the enemy. It was even a ‘good’ war. How many more of these articles are in the pipeline? ‘Bob Dole: Just How Mauled Is That Hand?’ ‘**Elizabeth Dole**: Does She Cheat at Bridge?’”

■ Five pro-life Republicans beat pro-choicers in Senate primaries in August: **Wayne Allard** (Colo.), **Sam Brownback** (Kan.), **Mike Enzi** (Wyo.), **Guy Millner** (Georgia), **Ronna Romney** (Mich.). . . . Mass. Gov. **William Weld** (R.), running for Senate against incumbent **John Kerry** (D.), says he was wrong to support **Clarence Thomas’s** nomination to the Supreme Court: “Thomas has been a real disappointment . . . he has been far too brittle and inflexible.” But Weld still admires **Robert Bork**. . . . In the *Village Voice*, **James Ridgeway** shares an insight into the twisted mind of a Christian Right delegate to the Republican Convention: “In this hardcore worldview, whether we are born male or female has profound impact on our lives.” . . . New Jersey Gov. **Christine Todd Whitman** snaps at U.S.



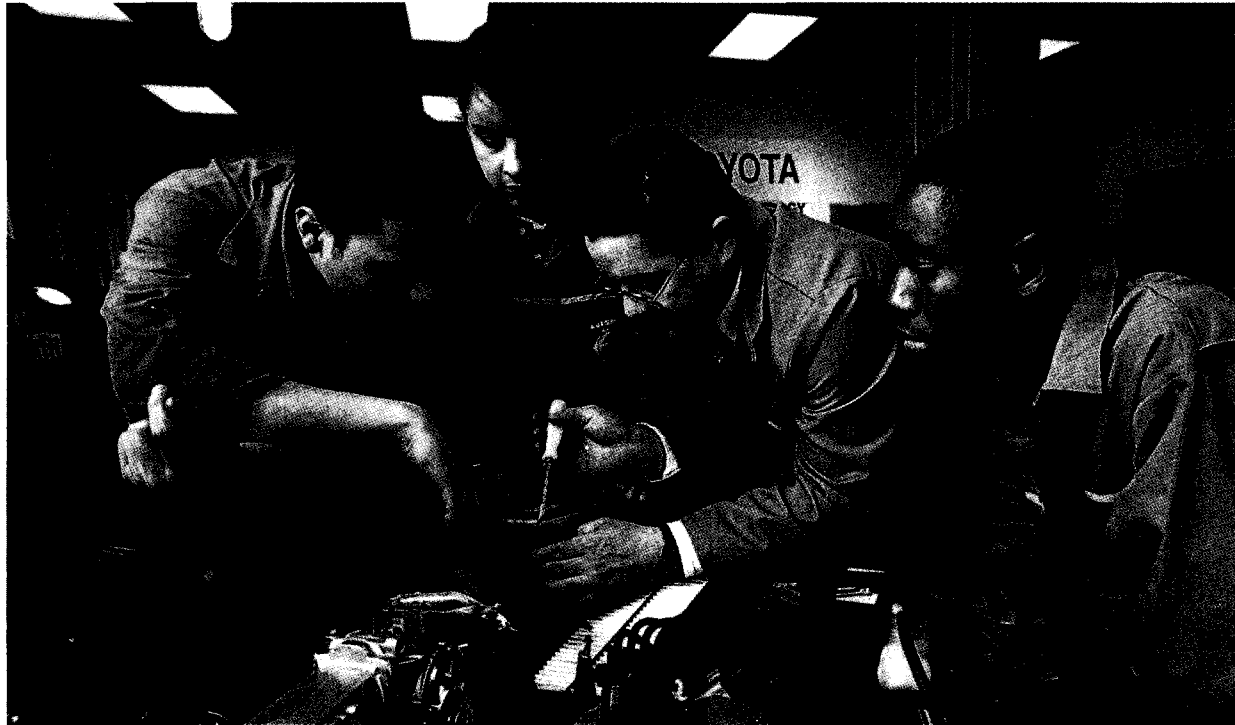
News, “The platform doesn’t mean a thing, frankly”—a comment some might make of receiving the convention co-chairmanship.

■ France appears to be going the German route with Prime Minister **Alain Juppé** willing to discuss union-backed proposals, including one by former socialist PM **Michel Rocard**, to reduce working hours. . . . “Once a Marine, always a Marine,” says new Somali leader **Hussein Aidid**, who served with U.S. forces in Somalia when they were unsuccessfully chasing his father, Gen. **Mohamed Farah Aidid**. When Gen. Aidid was killed in July, his 34-year-old son returned to Mogadishu as “interim president of Somalia” and leader of his father’s old tribal faction. . . . Indonesia’s ailing 75-year-old Pres. **Suharto** has ruled out political reform after worst riots in his 31-year rule in July, subsequent police roundups of the opposition, and death of his wife—a potent commercial and political figure. . . . Sri Lanka’s Tamil rebels, down but not out, have issued a veiled warning that continued U.S. support of Colombo against 13-year-old insurgency would bring terrorist retaliation. . . . **Jürgen Becker**, Bayer’s general manager in Guatemala, says he was the first to complain when company announced insect-repellent slogan (later withdrawn), “Sudden death is a German specialty.”

■ **Clare Boothe Luce** Policy Institute and Young America’s Foundation to hold conference on state-sponsored discrimination (Irvine, Calif., Sept. 20 and 21); speakers include **Dinesh D’Souza** and **Star Parker**. It’s free for students, \$50 for others. Call 1-800-292-9231 . . . Heritage Foundation releases *Reviewing the Revolution: Conservative Successes in the 104th Congress*.

■ **Haley Barbour** on etiquette of President’s birthday fund-raiser: “I guess Bill Clinton didn’t want any of his birthday well-wishers to have to labor over choosing a gift, so he just told everyone what he wanted: cold cash. . . . What’s next? Maybe the Clintons’ Christmas card will include a business-reply envelope addressed to the Clinton legal defense fund.” . . . **Doug Heller**, media coordinator for Green Party’s “Green Gathering 1996,” which nominated **Ralph Nader**, to *USA Today*: “We don’t want balloons, the plastic, the horror.” Mr. **Kurtz**, call your office.

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THE WEEK

■ At the last Chicago convention, under the bad Mayor Daley, the cops whacked Yuppies. Now, under the good Mayor Daley, peace reigns in the party, and the convention is in a neighborhood you wouldn't dare visit at night unarmed under normal circumstances. Progress.

■ The media, quick to point out an alleged "shortage" of women and minorities at the Republican Convention, missed a more interesting story at the Democratic Convention—the blatant resort to quotas in the selection of delegates. Democratic National Committee rules forbid "mandatory quotas," and Bill Clinton repeatedly proclaims his opposition to them. Yet the 1996 Delegate Selection Rules require all state parties to adopt "specific goals and timetables" ensuring that each delegation exactly matches the Democratic electorate in the state in terms of color and sex. Rigid mathematical models and formulas are spelled out, and penalties ensue for any shortfall. As the *Wall Street Journal* points out, the result is a revealing gloss on how a re-elected Clinton Administration is likely to interpret its "opposition" to quotas.

■ Scientists say chocolate affects the same part of the brain that is turned on by smoking marijuana. Asked to comment, President Clinton said he once put chocolate in his mouth, but didn't swallow.

■ John Cardinal O'Connor has disinvited Bill Clinton from the prestigious Al Smith dinner because of the President's support of partial-birth abortions. Such an unprecedented snub of a sitting President powerfully communicates the depth of the Catholic bishops' outrage. But Cardinal O'Connor diluted that message by not inviting Bob Dole either, in order to avoid charges of partisanship. Jack Kemp and Al Gore have been invited in the presidential nominees' places. The plain, if unwelcome, fact is that one party's ticket sided with the angels on this issue, and another's didn't. On partial-birth abortion, the President hasn't let squeamishness alter his course. Neither should Cardinal O'Connor.

■ The results are in. Did the networks apply the same standards to the Democratic convention that they did to the Republicans? Did Dan Rather predict walkouts and boos whenever any speaker mentioned the welfare bill? Did Tom Brokaw ask if the delegates really cared about the two-parent family? Did

Jim Wooten of ABC point out that the Chicago Convention was "well staged, craftily designed for a broadcast image of moderation that's starkly at odds with the reality on the floor"? Check your scorecards.

■ Twenty-eight years ago, according to David Horowitz, Tom Hayden said, "It might be useful . . . to fire bomb police cars" at the Chicago Convention. Now Hayden, a state senator from California, works within the party the better to fight extremist Republicans in Congress.

■ Congressional Republicans have refused to touch the issue of race preferences over the last year. No longer. If the House passes the version of the Federal Aviation Authorization Act of 1996 just endorsed by the House Transportation Committee, Republicans will finally take on the issue of quotas—by re-authorizing one of the Federal Government's more egregious set-aside programs. The act requires that every airport applying for federal funds under the Airport Improvements Program guarantee that 10 per cent of firms doing business at the airport are minority owned. This has led to absurdities such as rental-car companies being forced to buy 10 per cent of their tires from minority firms. It also is plainly unconstitutional under the Supreme Court's *Adarand* decision. But airport bills are full of pork-laden goodies for nearly everyone, so the Transportation Committee likes to see them pass on big bi-partisan votes—even if it means winking at the worst sort of racial bean-counting. The House leadership will end the practice, if it has a sufficient quota of courage.

■ After Mississippi's Gov. Kirk Fordice used an executive order to ban gay marriage in his state, ACLU-types actually had the chutzpah to complain that this constitutes government by "fiat," as if fiat hasn't been the preferred liberal mode of government for decades. Referred to the Department of Motes and Timbers, Gnats and Camels.



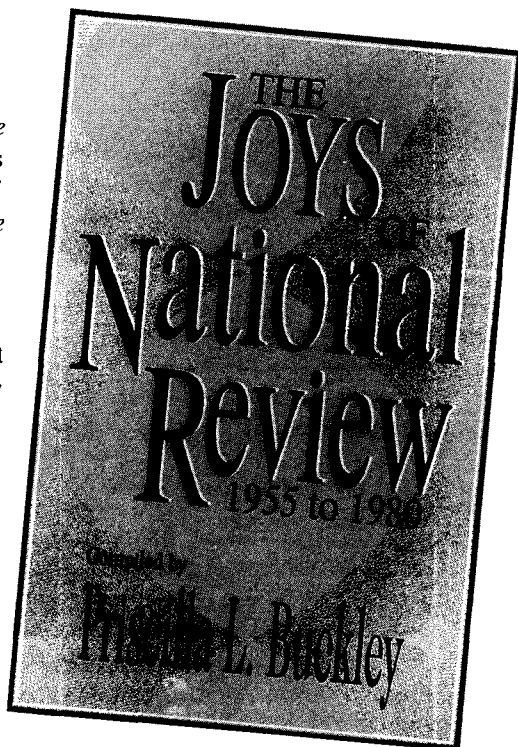
ODE TO JOYS

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■ At a morning meeting the first day of the Democratic National Convention, officials of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council bragged of having won the battle for the mind of their party. They can indeed point to a platform that studiously avoids leftist rhetoric and a President who, post 1994 at least, has regularly filched Republican issues. These victories are only provisional, however, as long as the muscles and tendons of the Democratic Party remain so dominated by the Left. While “New Democrats” trooped to the podium in the convention hall, in the streets and meeting halls elsewhere around town activists celebrated the old faith—from AFL-CIO chairman (and Democratic Socialist) John Sweeney denouncing the “evil” of Newt Gingrich at an afternoon “America Needs a Raise” rally, to the National Education Association caucusing with top Democrats at the downtown Hyatt. All that holds the party together now is the sheer will to retain power. That, and not New Democrat centrism or any other ideological concoction, is what motivates today’s Democratic Party. A DNC T-shirt says it all—“Win in ’96,” which is what must pass for uplift in Chicago. The last time Democrats met in the Windy City, there was talk of a “New Politics” of moral commitment and idealism. Chicago 1996 is about the triumph of the old politics, winning at all costs.

■ Mr. H. Ross Perot, who a year ago said he would rather perform brain surgery on himself than get back into presidential politics, likes to regard himself as George Washington II, and has enough money to buy either major party, is “accepting” nearly \$30 million in federal election funds for his Reform Party. Or to put it more plainly, he’s sticking it to taxpayers. If this is his idea of “reform,” he’s overdue for that brain surgery.

■ Maybe Republicans should be happy the press didn’t provide more coverage of the San Diego convention. Take the abortion controversy. Reporter after reporter explained that the Republican platform calls for a ban on all abortions. The platform’s actual language—“we support a Human Life Amendment to the Constitution and we en-

dorse legislation to make clear that the Fourteenth Amendment’s protections apply to unborn children”—is silent on the issue of exceptions. “It’s a statement of principle, it’s not a legislative document,” explains Mike Russell, a Christian Coalition spokesman. The constraints of space, time, and audience attention often make it hard to convey the nuances of a story; but given the vast amount of media attention to abortion, it’s puzzling why this error has become a hardy perennial of reporting on the issue. News accounts of the struggle over Dole’s proposed “declaration of tolerance” were more accurate, but still misleading. They left the impression that all “tolerance language” had been stripped out of the platform. In fact, the platform refers three times to legitimate differences of opinion among Republicans: in the preamble (“In one way or another, every Republican is a dissenter”), in the statement of principles (“Because Americans are a diverse and tolerant people, they have differences of opinion on many issues”), and in the opening of the section which deals with abortion and other issues of individual rights and personal safety (“We are the party of the open door,” etc.). By ignoring the more generic statements of tolerance, they misled viewers through omission. And Howell Raines, the *New York Times*’s editorial-page editor, provided the most mischievous free advice of the convention. Colin Powell “could be a more serious force if he set out to rally Republican voters to take back the party from its convention zealots.” In other words, the GOP’s most popular figure should declare war on the party’s base in the middle of an election year. And if liberal Democrats should benefit from this fratricide, well, that’s OK too.

■ Executed, by lethal injection: Mrs. Judith Curren, for being overweight and tired. Dr. Jack Kevorkian does it again, yet he still has not been nominated to be the new surgeon general.

■ Bob Dole, it is said, is being whipped by President Clinton on the smoking issue. But nothing so dramatizes the Republican theme of an overbearing, blundering Federal Government as Clinton’s policy toward tobacco. As it happens, his latest move—to authorize the Food and Drug Administration to regulate the sale and advertising of tobacco products—looks like a blunder indeed, because it commits the government to a protracted court battle with the tobacco industry that the industry will almost certainly win. Tobacco products simply don’t fall within the purview of the FDA: the law gives the FDA jurisdiction only over pharmaceutical drugs, and all the elaborate regulations the FDA is likely to produce will in time be declared unconstitutional. FDA chief David Kessler knows that. But he doesn’t care, wanting to use the interim period to speak to the nation as the President’s anti-smoking czar. When Dole last got onto the smoking issue, he made the mistake of speaking off the cuff and then getting angry with lovable girl-next-door Katie Couric. He should choose his forum more carefully and then make the common-sense case that



Tremors and Funny Sounds

*Just as Kemp’s supply-side themes
Zonked the dark side like triremes
Trapping Hannibal, Bob Dole
(Did I hear correctly?) stole
Back on tippy-toes to nurse
Budgets first. It could be worse—
Monkey business with some babe.
Has he lost his astrolabe?*

—W. H. VON DREELE

What Still Divides Us?



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This debate took place at Lake Avenue Church in Pasadena, California, on March 3 & 4, 1995, before a mostly Protestant audience of 1,500.

Catholic Team

Patrick Madrid - Internationally-known Catholic apologetics speaker and writer, editor of the best-selling book *Surprised by Truth*, author of *Any Friend of God's Is a Friend of Mine*, and editor of *Envoy* magazine (a bi-monthly journal of Catholic apologetics and evangelization).

Robert Sungenis - President of Catholic Apologetics International, contributor to *Surprised by Truth*, convert to the Catholic Church from Reformed Protestantism, graduate of Westminster Theological Seminary (Philadelphia).

William Marshner - Professor of theology at Christendom College, author of numerous articles, essays, and monographs on theology, history, and philosophy, contributor to several books, including *Reasons for Hope: Catholic Apologetics*, convert to the Catholic Church from Lutheranism (LCMS).

Protestant Team

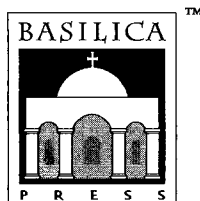
Michael Horton - President of CURE (Christians United for Reformation), editor of *Modern Reformation* magazine, author of several books including *Putting the Amazing Back Into Grace* and *Beyond the Culture Wars*, host of "The White Horse Inn" radio show, and, an ordained minister in the Reformed Episcopal Church.

W. Robert Godfrey - President of Westminster Seminary (Escondido), professor of Church history, co-editor of *Theonomy: A Reformed Critique and Through Christ's Word*, member of the Christian Reformed Church.

Rod Rosenblatt - Professor of theology Concordia University (Irvine), staff member of CURE, co-host of "The White Horse Inn" radio show, contributor to *Modern Reformation* magazine, ordained minister in the Lutheran Church (LCMS).

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tobacco smoking is a pleasure which does entail a health risk, but that it is a matter of individual choice for adults whether or not they smoke: it is not a matter for Federal Government grandstanding and empire-building. Dole can legitimately warn against the Naderite zealots at the FDA who want to impose tobacco prohibition.

■ Drug use over the past three years rose 78 per cent among teenagers. And that's just on the White House staff.

■ NR has suspected from the beginning that the political provisions of the Dayton Accords—the noble blueprint for a unitary, multi-ethnic Bosnia—might prove unattainable. Sure enough, the Bosnian elections scheduled for September 14 look to be a great disappointment, even a setback, rather than a boost toward stable democracy. There are charges of massive vote-rigging by Serbs in contested areas over which they seek to tighten their grip; in none of the rival communities is there a great predilection for democratic procedures. The deeper problem, however, is not the vote manipulation but the consolidation of partition. ("Electoral cleansing," *The Economist* dubs it.) The Serb and Croat populations have made clear (in U.S. Information Agency opinion polls) that they yearn for partition. For Bill Clinton, Dayton has already served its purpose of putting Bosnia on ice until *our* election is past. But whoever is President next year will face an unholy mess.

■ The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has ruled that Bruce Anderson, the vegetarian in California who refused to give children on his school bus coupons for free hamburgers, was wrongfully fired. Anderson cited religious reasons for not doing his job, and the EEOC apparently agreed, setting the stage for a constitutional crisis of the first magnitude. Are cows protected by the First Amendment? Do we *really* have to eat our broccoli?

■ Does mere Christianity have the same standing under the law (EEOC law anyway) as vegetarianism? Ask your-



Welfare as We Knew It

Moynihan was indisposed.

Gephardt had the pip.

Bonior pleaded yard work, while

Daschle's lower lip

Trembled like the last Great Auk's;

So the signing pens

Wound up with Republicans,

Swaying to Amens.

—W. H. VON DREELE

self what would happen to a school-bus driver who, contrary to job instructions, passed out invitations to go to Holy Communion.

After the Ball

IF evidence were needed that America today is a fundamentally conservative country, two truckloads of it were provided by the party conventions. Insofar as they could, both Republicans and Democrats sought to exclude politics altogether from their public proceedings in order to present themselves simply as warm-hearted human beings. But since politics insisted on intruding now and then, they focused on policies which—with the exception of tax cuts, embraced by Mr. Dole—were designed to soothe rather than excite.

If anything, President Clinton is better positioned than Mr. Dole to play this somnolent game. He is the candidate of "less of the same." Yes, a tax cut—but less of a tax cut. Yes, Medicaid cuts—but smaller ones. Yes, less government—but less less government than Bob Dole and his running-mate Newt Gingrich want. It is a message with a plausible appeal when the country is prosperous and at peace, as it is, and when the voters, being both conservative and human, would like to see government reduced in ways that will not discommode them personally. So, as Mr. Clinton put the final touches to his acceptance speech, he seemed to be gliding serenely up an escalator, while Mr. Dole, in pursuit, found himself puffing up the stairs. How can the challenger pick up speed? And, in particular, will tax cuts provide him with the necessary boost?

At the very least, reducing federal taxes will be a major component of any GOP victory. It is a policy that magnifies and unites the potential GOP coalition. "Opportunity conservatives" see tax cuts as a way to stimulate economic growth. Advocates of limited government argue that they are the only method yet discovered of restraining the federal Leviathan, by depriving it of revenue. (And to those who argue that the restraining mechanism is actually a dangerously large deficit, we reply, following Milton Friedman, that the real economic problem is not the deficit but the total weight of government on American society, whether financed by taxes or by borrowing.) And the great American middle class, both white-collar and blue-collar workers, welcome tax cuts as necessary relief from the combination of federal, state, and local taxes, which now take a record peacetime share of the gross domestic product.

In short, the tax issue is a powerful one. Mr. Clinton will hurl the usual darts at it—for instance, that it failed under Ronald Reagan (but see "Whose Voodoo?" below)—but his adoption of a smaller cut shows that he understands its power. Is it, however, powerful enough on its own? When America is enjoying modest prosperity, probably not.

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|--|--|
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| 2. Kiss Me Again | 32. Just Close Your Eyes |
| 3. (There'll Be A) Hot Time In
The Town Of Berlin | 33. If You Are But A Dream |
| 4. The Music Stopped | 34. Strange Music |
| 5. I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last
Night | 35. Cradle Song
(Brahms' Lullaby) |
| 6. The Way You Look Tonight | 36. Dick Haymes, Dick Todd
And Como |
| 7. I'll Be Around | 37. None But The Lonely Heart |
| 8. You've Got A Hold On Me | 38. Ol' Man River |
| 9. A Lovely Way To Spend An
Evening | 39. Homesick, That's All |
| 10. (I Got A Woman Crazy For
Me) She's Funny That Way | 40. The Night Is Young And
You're So Beautiful |
| 11. Speak Low | 41. Aren't You Glad You're You |
| 12. Close To You | 42. You Brought A New Kind Of
Love To Me |
| 13. My Shining Hour | 43. I'll Never Smile Again |
| 14. Long Ago And Far Away | 44. Without A Song |
| 15. Some Other Time | 45. Was The Last Time I Saw You
(The Last Time) |
| 16. Come Out, Come Out,
Wherever You Are | 46. Don't Forget Tonight
Tomorrow |
| 17. Put Your Dreams Away
(For Another Day) | 47. Oh! What It Seemed To Be |
| 18. And Then You Kissed Me | 48. Over The Rainbow |
| 19. All The Things You Are | 49. Where Is My Bess |
| 20. All Of Me | 50. My Romance |
| 21. Nancy
(With The Laughing Face) | 51. The Song Is You |
| 22. Mighty Lak' A Rose | 52. I Fall In Love With You
Ev'ry Day |
| 23. Falling In Love With Love | 53. They Say It's Wonderful |
| 24. Cradle Song
(Brahms' Lullaby) | 54. You Are Too Beautiful |
| 25. I'll Follow My Secret Heart | 55. Come Rain Or Come Shine |
| 26. There's No You | 56. Stormy Weather |
| 27. Someone To Watch Over Me | |

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What the GOP needs to do is fashion a broad cultural and social agenda to appeal to a largely conservative nation that is relatively content economically. Mr. Dole showed that he understood this in his fine, and at times noble, acceptance speech. He there praised the safety, decency, and national unity of the America of his youth. He was not indulging in a backward-looking nostalgia, as some critics have argued, but citing the past as conclusive evidence that virtues such as public safety, self-reliance, and good-neighborliness across racial lines are achievable. This argument goes straight to people's hearts because it goes to the heart of the matter in a country where the people are more worried about crime, racial hostility, divisive multiculturalism, and all the other symptoms of moral decay than they are about a below-par rate of economic growth.

So let Jack Kemp carry the torch on taxes. He has spent the last two decades preparing for this role. Mr. Dole should explore what he has as yet only sketched out—namely, his vision of how to take the people who live in this country and make Americans out of them.

Whose Voodoo?

EVER since Bob Dole floated his tax-cut proposal the economic history of the 1980s has come under renewed scrutiny. Is the Reagan-era boom relevant now? Consider this: in 1981 the economy was in the sixth year of a lackluster recovery. Then, as now, federal revenues took more than 20 per cent of GDP, a level exceeded in only a few postwar years. A recession was widely expected.

Ronald Reagan responded with a 25 per cent tax cut. Once fully phased in, it worked. In 1984, real GDP growth reached 6.8 per cent—the highest annual growth since 1951. Even in President Reagan's second term growth *averaged* 3.4 per cent per year—well above the 2.5 per cent “best in three decades” average of the past three years.

Not surprisingly, critics of Dole's tax plan are pooh-poohing the parallels. Alan Blinder, in a *New York Times* op-ed piece, avers that “achieving rapid growth is no great feat when you start from a position of widespread unemployment.” Perhaps. But lower unemployment was not key to the 1980s job growth. Most of it was achieved by cutting marginal tax rates, thereby inducing people who weren't previously in the labor force—women and minority youth, for example—to take newly created jobs. Today, two tax hikes later, the nation's labor-force-participation rate is significantly lower.

Reagan's record-breaking growth numbers are beyond dispute. But Blinder accuses supply-siders of performing a “statistical sleight of hand” by focusing solely on the period 1983 to 1990. The horrific recession of 1981–82, Jimmy Carter's legacy to Ronald Reagan, should also be ascribed to Reagan, according to Professor Blinder.

What Nancy Knew

*It's official: “Just say no”
Kept the kids from sniffing snow,
Smoking joints, and getting stoned.
Now the boomers, who once phoned
Old flames for one lousy roach,
Race for Cinderella's coach,
While the President from Hope
Drops the boom on butts, not dope.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



Perhaps, in the spirit of non-partisanship, he would also give Herbert Hoover credit for ending the Depression.

But what about those deficits? Blinder drags out the standard straw man: “Tax revenues generated by rapid growth, we were told, would fill the budget gap.” Not so. In 1981, and throughout the Reagan years, any proposed across-the-board tax-rate cut was scored as an immediate and substantial revenue *loser*. Tax-cut advocates merely said that some cuts—notably the reduction in the top tax rate—would pay for themselves. And they did. Income taxes paid by people earning more than \$250,000 rose by 250 per cent between 1980 and 1989 even as the tax rate on these earnings declined from 70 per cent to 28 per cent. And the share of income taxes paid by the richest 1 per cent of taxpayers rose from 17.6 per cent at the start of the 1980s to 24.5 per cent in 1989, falling only when tax rates were raised in 1990.

Total tax revenues grew, and fast enough to cut the deficit from its peak of 6.3 per cent of GDP in 1983 to just 2.9 per cent in 1989. More importantly, some economists say that every \$1 of “lost” revenues generated \$3 in increased economic growth. Ronald Reagan's gamble paid off big time.

Moscow Vacuum

IN ONE of the big shocks of the twenty-month Chechen war, the rebels recaptured their capital, Grozny, in a surprise attack on August 6. A Russian offensive to retake the city was aborted on August 20: retired general Aleksandr Lebed, President Boris Yeltsin's national security advisor and designated negotiator, intervened to halt the offensive, claiming that the presidential orders authorizing it were not signed by the president. Lebed then brokered a ceasefire—only to be publicly repudiated by Yeltsin.

It might all seem amusingly reassuring—that Russia is now ruled by all the Marx Brothers, instead of just Karl. But the confusion in the Kremlin has an ominous implica-

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tion. Yeltsin's health is deteriorating, and we are witnessing a pre-succession struggle for power; even in his competent moments, Yeltsin presides over a divided and unstable government. Into the vacuum steps the ambitious (and ultranationalist) Lebed, only to be slapped down by Yeltsin when he seems to be succeeding too well. So the Chechen war festers, as does the Russian economic crisis (\$28 billion in short-term debt falls due between September and November, and Russia could end up needing a Mexican-style bailout). Moscow continues to make threats against NATO enlargement, and pursues a cozy relationship with China and Iran.

The Clinton Administration, as usual, is unfazed. "There is bureaucratic infighting," one official soothed the *Washington Post*, "but [it's] in the context of forming a government after the elections. It's a work in progress."



The Week in Verse

Be it accidentally or by intention,
The *GOP* look'd good at its convention.
At least we know that smiles without stop'll
Drive screaming from the premises *Ted Koppel*.
Newt brought a volleyball, and large amounts
Of party spir't produced a modest "bounce."
It wasn't quite a dizzying ascent,
This gain of—if they're lucky—10 per cent,
But now their plight looks not entirely drastic,
Thanks to some polls—and principles—elastic.
Still 12 points down, they think when in a hole
There's worse guys to be stuck there with than *Dole*.
True; but you've got to wonder as he shrugs
And picks his issue: *Clinton's* soft on drugs.
At least he takes as running-mate a temp
Who runs the program, Secretary *Kemp*.
Laconic, low-tech *Dole* may lose to nerds,
But now, at least, he won't be lost for words.

Still, as he sought to match his words with actions
From *Clinton* flow'd more—endless!—benefactions
To clean up crime and welfare, teenage smoking,
Give portable insurance while invoking
The little man, brought forth upon his stage
T'accept, with thanks, the bump'd-up *Min'mum Wage*.
No foot did he put wrong in his campaign
While puffing to *Chicago* on a train.
His lightest ruse still charms and never fails;
Can *nothing* drive him off now of the rails?
Ev'n *Jackson*, *Cuomo* help and show no pique,
Who'd got the shaft on *Welfare* just last week!
But, though the *Bill Express* may be on track,
Hill'ry as engineer, we hear, is back.

So, numb'd already by each cold cliché,
We wait as winds that follow *Labor Day*
Issue from th' *Windy City* and recall
That (sometimes) still pride goeth before a Fall.

—JUVENAL

Another opined that "August in Moscow is like August in Washington," and said the fact that reform-minded presidential Chief of Staff Anatoly Chubais was away on vacation was "a sign of normality."

The only "work in progress" is the unraveling of the Yeltsin government. The only "normality" is the perpetual illusion that is our own government's Russia policy.

It's Not the Constitution

THERE is reason to believe that high-school girls in Harlem may do better in an all-girl school. A respected educational institute has produced a promising plan for such a school, the school district favors it, and a knowledgeable philanthropist has offered to help fund it. Unfortunately, the ACLU tells us, the plan cannot be implemented, no matter how promising, because the Constitution forbids it. [See "Can Democratic Government Survive?" by Robert H. Bork, p. 46.] It's almost enough to make one wonder whether the Constitution is really a good idea.

In a democracy issues of public policy are decided by the people; in a federalist system, usually by the people most directly concerned. According to the ACLU, however, most questions of public policy have already been decided by the Constitution. This means as a practical matter that they are to be decided by judges and ultimately by the Supreme Court for the nation as a whole. The American people, we are to believe, have so tied their hands by adopting the Constitution that even an issue of local school policy cannot be decided without obtaining the approval of a federal judge.

The most important thing to know about constitutional law, the ACLU's trump card over policymaking by the people, is that it has very little to do with the Constitution. An all-male military academy, for example, did not suddenly become unconstitutional in 1996 because the Constitution was changed or something was discovered in it that had not been noticed before. It became unconstitutional only because a majority of today's Supreme Court Justices chose to make it so.

The essence of the Constitution is decentralized representative self-government. It wisely places few restrictions on self-government, and elected legislators are ordinarily little tempted or inclined to violate those few. Government by judges—totally undemocratic and totally centralized—is the antithesis of the constitutional system. It is favored and defended by the ACLU for the simple reason that the effect of moving policymaking from the people to the Supreme Court is almost always to move policy choices to the left.

As Justice Scalia has been valiantly pointing out in recent dissenting opinions, Supreme Court Justices serve primarily as the mirror and mouthpiece of current elite opinion. The result is to substitute the demands of ideology for the practical common sense of the people closest

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to and most affected by the decision to be made in a particular situation.

An all-girl school in Harlem may or may not prove to be a solution to the devastating problem of low academic achievement, but its proponents may be sure that nothing in the Constitution is opposed to its being tried. Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg and some of her colleagues may decree otherwise, but that will only further illustrate that government by electorally unaccountable, life-tenured lawyers in robes is not an improvement on the constitutional scheme.

E. Digby Baltzell, R I P

FOR fifty years, E. Digby Baltzell was one of the half-dozen most important American sociologists, though he must have felt more than a twinge of irritation over that term. He could handle statistics as expertly as any quantitative analyst, but his strengths belonged to the great tradition of social philosophy and narrative argument we associate with Tocqueville and Weber.

Baltzell was a philosopher of the American Protestant (untitled) aristocracy, and explicated it in such seminal works as *Philadelphia Gentleman* (1958), *Protestant Establishment* (1964), and *Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia* (1979). His *Sporting Gentlemen* (1995), a history of tennis, formed a fine coda to his work.

He argued that the American Protestant upper class (roughly 1865–1945) had a distinctive social function. That function was 1) to provide a model of manners, achievement, and values, and 2) to assimilate to that model successive waves of newcomers.

He concluded that the Protestant ascendancy became too rigid, and failed in its assimilative function, especially as regards Jews.

There is much to argue about in all of this. It does not seem to take into account resistance to the model. Yet his thesis is an important one; and, in any case, the ideal of the gentleman, while certainly under assault, seems to be far from dead.

Baltzell died at 80, while vacationing on Cape Cod, a great loss to serious reflection on society.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Jim McF

You may have missed it, but Custom Security of Memphis, Tennessee, is merchandising an "Anti-Terrorist Vault." "Many customers are now opting for what Per-

kins [the company's founder] calls 'Anti-Terrorist Vaults.' These are hidden safes inside your home or office big enough to accommodate a person or entire family." It occurs to me that would be a perfect inaugural gift for the First Family, if it goes their way in November. They can use Hillary's billing accounts for reading matter. That's Custom Security, 4794 Summer Avenue, Suite 4, Memphis, Tennessee 38122.

Dear Jim: Will they advertise with us? Since we're for Dole?
Bill

■ Editor:

I would like to comment on Mr. Buckley's column in which he expressed outrage over the taping by a district attorney of a private confessional. To me the greater moral imperative here is not to protect the sanctity of confidential information but to bring a child killer to justice. Had the crime been less heinous I would probably agree with Mr. Buckley, but no secular nor ecclesiastical code should shield such monstrosity. Extremism in the pursuit of multiple child murderers is no vice. I also suspect the sincerity of a penitent who makes a confession in private, rather than publicly, so as to evade punishment for his act.

Herman Stowell King
Wicomico, Va.

Dear Mr. King: The thinking behind the confessional code is to provide protection against what you speculate was said. Are you also in favor of removing the lawyer/client privilege? Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the issue of June 3, Professor Edward J. Planz asked what word in English, other than "hungry" and "angry," ends with "-gry."

I am pleased to be able to provide an answer. According to Miss Rebecca R. Bryer of the Merriam-Webster Company's Language Research Service, that firm's *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* lists only one other such word: "anhungry," which was used by Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*, and is a synonym of "hungry."

Miss Bryer lists in her letter other words that appear in the *Oxford English Dictionary* that end in "-gry" ("aggry," "mawgry," "puggry," "iggry"). For still more "-gry" words, I suggest you consult Mr. William Safire's *What's the Good Word* (New York: Times Books, 1982), pages 63 and 64.

I hope this helps answer Professor Planz's query.
With warm regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Michael O. Eshleman
Lebanon, Ohio

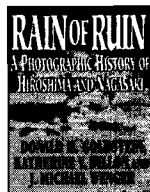
Dear Mr. Eshleman: Many thanks. If you plead anhungry, do you qualify for food stamps? Cordially, —WFB



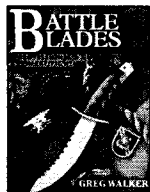
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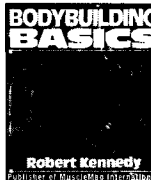
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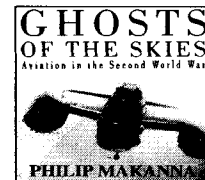
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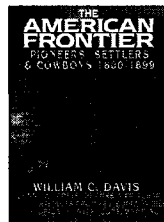
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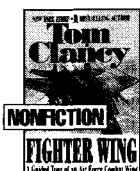


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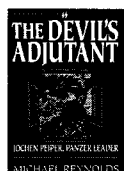
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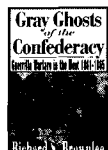
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NAR 9/16/96

Scenes from Conventional Life in America

Reporting by Richard Brookhiser, Rich Lowry, Kate O'Beirne, Andrew Oliver, John O'Sullivan, Ramesh Ponnuru, Ronald Radosh, and Karina Rollins

Chicago

IF IT looked like the Sixties on Sunday, the day before the official opening of the Democratic National Convention, it was meant to.

At a rally held to commemorate the spirit of 1968 and the Democrats' "Return to Chicago," all the stops were pulled out to make the audience glow in nostalgia for the days when they claimed to inhale even if they didn't.

The cast of *Hair*, dressed in full hippie regalia, was onstage as the curtain rose; with the show's rock band behind them, they transported everyone back to the Age of Aquarius. But there was a more serious purpose to the event than mere radical nostalgia. The left wing of the Democratic Party used the occasion to reveal its plans for the party whose candidate it was endorsing, albeit very reluctantly. With the draw of such talent as Bonnie Raitt, Graham Nash and Stephen Stills, and Jackson Browne, the assembled group of aging radicals paid \$15 each to honor Tom Hayden and his confrères of the Chicago 7, who were tried after the 1968 convention riots.

At a pre-rally press conference, Hayden introduced two of his Chicago 7 co-defendants—former Black Panther leader Bobby Seale and radical activist David Dellinger—as well as Yippie journalist Paul Krassner and Katrina vanden Heuvel, editor of *The Nation*.

Seale announced his efforts for a new non-terrorist "revolutionary humanist" movement speaking to the bread-and-butter concerns of average Americans—something he was trying to do with a new CD-ROM and barbecue cookbook.

As he rambled on, however, it wasn't long before he fell back on what he called the radical Left's great accomplishments in fighting the "pig power structure" and told how he felt that what he's doing today is intrinsically related to all the issues he fought for in the days of the Panthers.

Dellinger upped the ante by telling the press that "elections are obsolete," since it was obvious that the U.S. is ruled by a corporate monopoly served equally by Clinton and Dole.

It was left to Hayden to make clear the purpose of the event. Noting that his party is swimming in the political center, Hayden predicted a post-election struggle for the "soul of the party," meaning that activists will have to move quickly to shift the second Clinton Administration to the left.

This theme was developed over and over, as was the theme that everything the radical Left did back in the Sixties had been fully justified. Chicago 7 lawyer Leonard Weinglass read the words of Abbie Hoffman, who wrote shortly before his suicide that he had no regrets—that he and his fellow rebels had changed America and that "we were right."

In a special issue of *The Nation* Hayden develops his ideas at greater length. Jane Fonda's ex-husband went

into contortions to acknowledge the violence of 1968 while taking no blame, placing all responsibility squarely on the shoulders of the Chicago police.

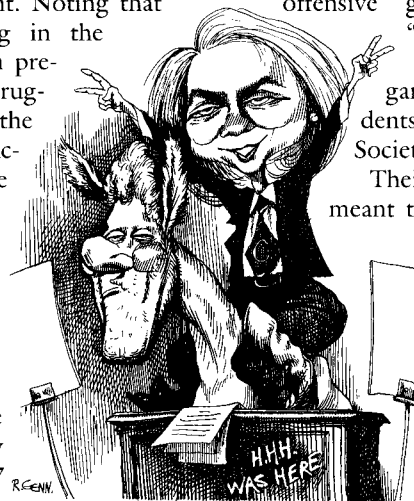
Mayor Daley, Hayden writes, had given his troops "shoot to kill" orders, and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover himself sought to "neutralize" Hayden (i.e., assassinate him).

Since the Democratic Party leaders in 1968 could no longer be reached by "moral arguments," Hayden claims, the demonstrators were forced to prove the "unrepresentative character of the political system."

What Hayden refuses to tell a new generation—or remind a forgetful older one—is that back then he was a flaming revolutionary who favored the use of offensive guerrilla tactics to "bring the war home," in the slogan of Hayden's Students for a Democratic Society.

Their presence was not meant to be a peaceful mobilization, like the performance this year, but to provoke clashes that would lay bare the "fascist" American state. Hence the radicals' decision to take to the streets.

As Hayden told the crowd at Grant Park in 1968—in words sadly forgotten today—they were coming to Chicago "to vomit on the 'politics of joy'" and to confront the Democrats over their "illegitimacy and criminality." The Hayden of 1996 does not want us to remember his call for blood to flow in



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the streets of Chicago or Bobby Seale's adjuring the protestors to "pick up the gun."

The new face of moderation, however, was belied by Bella Abzug, who told the crowd that ending affirmative action was a violation of the Consti-

tution, and by the hostile reception afforded Sen. Paul Simon of Illinois, who received a chorus of boos, and by the cheers given Jesse Jackson, who intoned that the Democrats' ship was tilting right and it was their task next year to tilt it back to the left. —RR



THE following exchange took place between George Stephanopoulos and Jesse Jackson during the slow moments of a party the night before the convention, according to the *Chicago Sun-Times*. "Do you have to say that?" Stephanopoulos asked again and again, as he questioned Jackson about what he would say in his speech on welfare reform Tuesday night. "I have to say that," Jackson answered with equal persistence. The do-yous and the have-tos went back and forth like a chiming clock.

So there were latent discontents in Chicago. "I think you're wrong on welfare," former New York Gov. Mario Cuomo told the convention's managers. "I think you're wrong on the death penalty. I think you're wrong on a lot of things. We talked about all that when the decisions were being made and I lost." House Minority Leader Richard Gephardt, though he isn't discoursing about it to the national press, is telling his constituents that he will vote to override President Clinton's veto of the ban on partial-birth abortions. Gephardt was pro-life once upon a time, before ambition beckoned and that position evanesced, but his district is such that he cannot evanesce to that extent.

But the big message is that none of it mattered. Jackson was inside the hall, supporting the ticket: "If you put more focus on your position than the team winning, then you cannot play in the major leagues." So were Gephardt and Cuomo. The mantra of this convention was unity. *In hoc signo vinces*.

This was the party that Newt built. In other years, Democrats might have split hairs and picked fights. Having an incumbent President in the White House would rouse their Oedipal instincts. But something happened to make the party put aside childish things. That was 1994. The Democrats lost, not only the Senate, which has happened once in a blue moon, but also the House, which has not been seen since Bill Clinton hit puberty, or Bob Dole

got out of the hospital. If the prospect of a hanging concentrates the mind, what does being hanged do? The Democrats have had a death experience; they have passed through the tunnel of light, and they are tired of it. They want to get back to life, and power.

Hence the constant invocations of Newt. He was the Chicago punching bag, not just because he is odd and abrasive and the most unpopular politician in America apart from Al D'Amato. All that would make him a byword, but only in a ritual way. Newt is also the dispossessor. For that, the Democrats have taken him to their hearts.

One fact about the party was immediately evident from walking through the lobbies and attending the functions, though it didn't come across on television. On the tube, the Democrats shone with enough star power to light the western grid. When the GOP presented a speaker in a wheelchair, it was Steve McDonald, the brave New York cop shot in the line of duty. When the Democrats offered a paralyzed spokesman, it was Christopher Reeve. Even when speakers go nuts, the Democrats do it with glitz. Edward Olmos, the star of *Stand and Deliver*, urged America to help its children in the accents of a Blackshirt. At a Republican convention such rhetorical excesses are offered by obscure divines giving the benediction.

But away from the podium, the average Democrat—the Democrat on the

hoof—is a serious and often dowdy figure. Republican conventioners may not make it to Hollywood, but they are enthusiasts. They wear elephant earrings and hats made of balloons. They have the bad taste and the exuberance of amateurs. Democratic delegates look as if they are going to work, and in a way they are, because so many of their jobs are in the public sector.

If you took the public-school teachers and the members of government labor unions out of Chicago, you would probably lose half the convention. Take the businessmen angling for some sort of tax break—the people who make up the Democratic Leadership Council, which whelped Bill Clinton—and you would probably be down to a corporal's guard. Democrats boast about their racial and ethnic diversity—"not a backdrop, it is our backbone," as one speaker put it—and the high percentage of black faces confirms the boast. But the black delegates are not Everyblack: they conform to the same public-sector/helping-profession profile as their white colleagues. A Democratic convention is a working vacation for the state.

And for the social liberals of the new class. Bill Clinton's last two years may have been one long series of tacks and evasions. He even signed a welfare bill, for, in the last analysis, welfare recipients are more expendable politically than social workers. But the ban on partial-birth abortions had to be defeated.

The Democratic Party in convention assembled is a Grand Alliance of gods and paper shufflers. The party has a long record of balancing odd couples. One hundred years ago, it was urban machines and ex-Confederates. Two hundred years ago, it was Aaron Burr and Thomas Jefferson. It's never pretty, and it's rarely peaceful. But this year they are delaying the fight until after the victory party. —RB



CLINTON'S first two years in office damaged the credibility of politicians claiming to be "a different kind of Democrat." But naysayers notwithstanding, there is indeed such a thing as a New Democrat. Sen. Joe Lieberman (Conn.), chairman of the Democratic Leadership Council, is addressing most of them at the DLC's "Leadership Training" forum at the Hyatt Regency. Lieberman criticizes

"this anything-goes mentality" that dominated the party for a long time, and argues that Americans' moral anxieties are more pressing than their economic concerns. He announces that the training sessions will cover school reform, and adds, in what will probably be the understatement of convention week, "This is not popular with all the delegates."

Milwaukee mayor John Norquist is

"We killed it!" — George Stephanopoulos

The book the Clinton White House doesn't want you to read

Never before has a presidential Administration gone to such extremes to suppress a book — and to silence its author.

According to Fred Barnes in *The Weekly Standard* (July 22), when *Unlimited Access* hit bookstores this summer, the Administration dispatched no fewer than seven top aides to pressure ABC News to cancel an interview with the book's author, former FBI agent Gary Aldrich.

One of those involved in the pressure campaign, reveals Barnes, was chief White House press spokesman Mike McCurry, who "made clear there would be consequences if ABC didn't go along." Fred Barnes comments:

"Though you'd hardly know it from the press coverage, this was an unprecedented effort by the White House — any White House — to exert pressure on a news organization to keep a critic of the president off television. Not since the Nixon Administration tried unsuccessfully to block publication of the Pentagon Papers twenty-five years ago has a White House leaned so aggressively on the media to alter a news decision. And the remarkable thing is the heavy-handed pressure may have paid off."

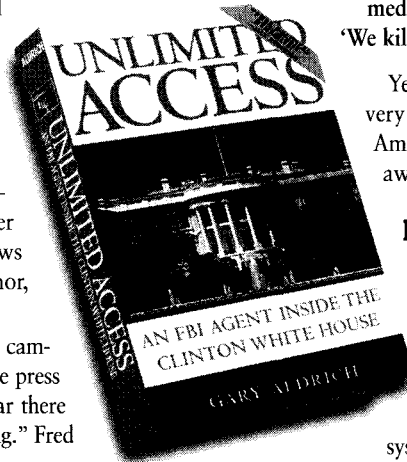
It did indeed. As *The Washington Post* reported on July 1, the "campaign" to silence Agent Aldrich "seemed to be bearing fruit yesterday. Both CNN's 'Larry King Live' and NBC's 'Dateline' canceled plans to interview Aldrich . . ." And afterwards, writes Barnes,

"Aldrich became *persona non grata* in the mainstream

There's more to this story — much more

A sampling of Agent Aldrich's *other* charges that the White House has declined to answer, or the media to report:

- Recent drug use by White House aides: not confined to minor drugs like marijuana. And not just by *junior* staffers
- How Clinton lawyers made thorough background checks all but impossible, and ensured that even the most damning findings were ignored
- Our nation's top secrets: handled by staffers without security clearances
- What Craig Livingstone told Aldrich about Vince Foster's motive for suicide (Livingstone has not denied Aldrich's account)
- Theft by personnel a "major problem" in the White House
- New White House phone system so that Bill Clinton and his aides could make private calls without going through the switchboard. Cost to taxpayers: \$27 million
- Unreported m  le   at a White House Fourth of July party
- How the Clintons "fixed" employee hours to deny low-level staffers health insurance — even as Hillary ran her nationalized health-care task force



media. What happened to the Aldrich menace? 'We killed it,' boasts Stephanopoulos."

Yet despite the White House's attempt to ban the very mention of this book from the airwaves, the American public has made *Unlimited Access* a runaway nationwide bestseller.

Media skeptics convinced . . .

Americans are forced to ask, what is it about *Unlimited Access* that so frightens the Clintons? Why the massive effort to bury this book?

The answer is as straightforward as the author himself: his expos   of the Clintons' deliberate subversion of the White House security system — which even Aldrich's most vociferous critics admit cannot be denied.

"There is a gut part of that book which clearly is correct, and that is that for months and months people that were hired to go to the White House declined to go to FBI interviews in order to get permanent passes."

— SAM DONALDSON

"This Week with David Brinkley" (6/30/96)

"There's something really, really serious about this. I mean Jack Ruby, for godsakes, could walk into the White House, get a job, and shoot the president under these circumstances. Half of these people weren't cleared."

— MORTON KONDRACKE

"The McLaughlin Group" (6/29/96)

Whom do you trust?

Those who implicitly trust Bill and Hillary Clinton and their aides may wish to take their word that *Unlimited Access* should be suppressed and that Gary Aldrich be silenced.

But those who prefer to trust an FBI agent selected during the Bush years to run one of our nation's most sensitive security operations — at a time when a spotless record like his was *still* a condition of employment in the White House — should judge *Unlimited Access* for themselves.

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also the genuine article. He describes a meeting of the U.S. conference of mayors after the L.A. riots in 1992, where the question of the day was, How can this be used to wring more money from the feds? He said, "You can't build a city on pity." He's for spending cuts, tax cuts ("It's an act of social justice to cut taxes on people who aren't rich"), and school choice. Perhaps most astonishingly, Norquist explicitly takes Phil Gramm's side of the welfare-devolution debate: "It's a little-known fact, but it's true that the state bureaucracies are more entrenched than the federal ones." On the other hand (or rather, on the same hand, since many New Democrats would claim there's no inconsistency), he's proud of the Democrats' pro-union, pro-environment stands; and he says that health-care access for all "is a cause that shouldn't be dropped."

A lot of New Democrats would disagree with Norquist on that last point, which underscores the amorphousness of the label. A political party may need that kind of diversity to thrive; but can a faction trying to redefine a party survive it? The other difficulties with that task of redefinition are made abundantly clear by an exchange following a talk by Sen. Bob Kerrey (Neb.), an entitlement scold. (If we don't reform entitlements, he says, "we will have converted the Federal Government into an ATM machine.") A delegate who agreed with Kerrey's every word asks how, as head of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, he can work to elect candidates who agree with none of them. Kerrey, who otherwise cheerfully mixes it up with questioners, provides a rambling non-answer.

At times it seems that the New Democrats' politics consists mostly of a series of rhetorical formulations, some of them quite artful. Will Marshall, head of the Progressive Policy Institute, the DLC's think tank, calls for "a new politics of reciprocity" on issues of rights and responsibilities. "We believe in cultural pluralism," he says—but with "shared civic values." At the other extreme, New Democrats often reduce politics to a set of policy papers. Shoring up families is imperative, says Marshall: "We have an elaborate set of steps for what citizens and government can do in that regard."

Still, the mood is celebratory: they think President Clinton has come back to the fold, at least temporarily, and attained new heights in the opinion

polls as a result. (The role of the Medicare campaign in reviving Clinton's fortunes is, for the most part, discreetly ignored.) Marshall argues that "New Deal liberalism has really run its historic course." Now that the "Republican Revolution" has reached its Thermidor,

New Democrats are the only ones left standing. Critics both left and right say the DLC has no passion, no substance, and no real constituency, but that does not faze Lieberman. "This centrist, New Democratic message is what people want to hear."
—RP



A CHERUBIC John Sweeney was still doing interviews after an AFL-CIO rally in front of the State of Illinois Building when there was a commotion off to the right. A ragged band of about thirty protestors—some tie-dyed, others bare-chested, all unkempt—was headed for the entrance of the building holding signs like "1968-1996 Still Raging After All These Years" and chanting "Stop the War/On the People!" It seemed an exercise in nostalgia of the sort that belonged in a Bob Dole speech, but then for a brief moment . . . There were shouts of "Let her go." Chicago cops in their checkered hats waded into the midst of the band. Every reporter still left from the AFL-CIO event rushed over to get a piece of the action.

But this wasn't a reprise of 1968. Instead, a girl wearing a Hillary Clinton mask had taken off her shirt and was parading topless—until the cops moved in. As she tussled with the eight or so policemen surrounding her, a soiled-looking priest began shouting into his bullhorn: "The whole world is watching!" (well, at least the men were). The officers pulled her across the street—pushing away the occasional protestor trying to "free Hillary"—and took her

into the Chicago Title and Trust Center.

The protestors shouted a bit, then started a half-hearted sit-in consisting of about seven people—the Chicago 7, 1996-style. One 35-year-old protestor with a wild look in his eye explained: "She was exposing Hillary Clinton's breasts to the world and she had a right to do that." OK, but as a cause that doesn't quite stack up to ending the Vietnam War, does it? "Just because the issues are more diverse now doesn't mean we aren't going to fight just as hard." Diverse, indeed: one sign read, "Fight Back Against Big Mac." (Taking on the Whopper will have to wait—there's a time for everything.)

But two all-beef patties with special sauce isn't exactly an inspiring enemy, as the tall, bare-chested ringleader was about to learn. He tried to rally his troops to continue on to the United Center. "Nah, this is it," said the priest, after posing for a picture doing an earnest power-salute in front of the police. A guy with purple hair shook his head to his girlfriend and they both wandered away. Eventually the rest of them pushed off, leaving their latest cause, Hillary, holed up somewhere in the Title and Trust building, wearing her shirt.
—RL



C NN gave a party on Sunday night, which turned out to be a surprise party for anchorman Bernard Shaw. Jesse Jackson spoke, Mark Russell joked, and Shaw gave a modest and heartfelt thank-you. He also took a swipe at Ted Koppel.

Not in so many words, of course. All he said was that he would cover this convention as he has covered every other—from gavel to gavel. Well said.

Conventions are still worth covering, even though they have changed greatly. The nominating function has devolved upon the primaries and caucuses. The last time a contest went beyond one bal-

lot was the vice-presidential contest at the Democratic Convention of 1956 (Estes Kefauver beat John Kennedy). It will never happen again. The roll call of the states is vestigial, like the ability to wiggle one's ears.

Conventions have also changed aesthetically. Everyone blames television, but microphones had begun the work decades earlier. William Jennings Bryan gave the Cross of Gold speech with his unassisted lungs. He had to be seen, and heard. Now most of the audience is outside the hall, and even many of those inside watch and listen on televisions. So the hall in San Diego was a basement

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bowling alley (was the real convention going on up on the roof?). In Chicago, the delegates were entertained with a spectral laser show. It looked as if someone was beaming in from the great beyond. Ron Brown? Eleanor Roosevelt? Vince Foster?

But even so, conventions bring hun-



BOB Casey, the former Pennsylvania governor, is a dissident within the Democratic ranks on the issue of abortion. When he held a press event Monday in Chicago it was the perfect opportunity for the media to cover a story with the same themes that obsessed them in San Diego: a party shutting out one of its own, a party riven by deep differences over a hot-button issue, etc. But there was no mention of Casey during prime time Monday night. The scene in San Diego had been quite different.

When Rep. Steve Gunderson (R., Wis.) and his companion, Rob Morris, strode into a press room in San Diego, some forty reporters were on hand. The two propped on the lectern a copy of their new book, *House and Home*, featuring a tender picture of them, staring intently into the camera. In person, Gunderson and friend, preppie-looking guys who could have been torn from the pages of an L. L. Bean catalogue, struck a similar pose. Then they explained how they timed the release of their book to combat the influence of the "far Right" at the GOP Convention. What ensues is the press-conference equivalent of batting practice; reporters serve up waist-high fastballs, Gunderson and Morris belt them out of the park.

Gunderson spells out helpfully how the convention speakers have been selected to send a message of "inclusion," in contrast to the platform drafted by right-wing fanatics. What does the Republican attitude toward gays say about the supposed "big tent"? "It's obvious what your point is," Morris tells the reporter, "and it's true." Uh-huh. This goes on for ten minutes or so before the two are off again. "[We've done] fifty different talk shows and media," Gunderson says. "Our week has been consumed by nothing else. We've had to behave ourselves at night."

Gunderson and friend are part of what is strictly a Republican phenomenon: the fifth column, a cadre of mem-

dreds of pols and pullets together. They all want to talk. Even when they are dumb or disingenuous, the things they do not know, or the facts they try to conceal, are of interest. A newsman who knew his business would be interested. Voters should be. If they aren't, they deserve what they get. —RB

bers who are media stars based solely on their constant criticism of their own party. Ann Stone, whose Republicans for Choice exists mostly on CNN, ri-

Valley Forge

IF Ross Perot's convention—that is, the Reform Party convention—in Valley Forge was not the best that money can buy, it was very near an historic event. George Washington's men nearly froze to death in the winter snow just up the hill from the bleak Sheraton hotel where Perot's troops were camped. And just a half-mile down Route 76 is the King of Prussia mall, said to be the largest shopping center in the world. See what I'm saying? Even if you weren't exactly sure why, you *knew* what was happening here was important, maybe vital.

The convention had really begun a week earlier in Long Beach, California, when Richard Lamm and Mr. Perot made their pitches for the nomination. Beforehand, 1.13 million ballots had been mailed out to party members in all fifty states. All week, eager Reformers voted by phone and fax, by modem and mail—some did, at any rate. There were complaints that some voters received two ballots and others, like Lamm and his daughter, no ballots at all. Still, as the summer sun set on Valley Forge, and Saturday afternoon slipped into Saturday evening, the Perotistas waited on tenterhooks for the verdict.

Finally, the lights dimmed and the room grew silent. The party's executive director, Russ Verney, strode to the podium and announced the champion: Henry Ross Perot! The party faithful could relax again. Ross was still Boss.

The battle count was then solemnly recited: 17,121 votes to Gov. Lamm, but 32,145 to Mr. Perot. A mere 5 per cent of the 1.13 million potential vot-

ers, but Verney was "proud of each and every vote." The Reformers were proud too. They shook their placards against NAFTA and the trade deficit. "In Perot We Trust," read one bumpersticker, and another, slyly, "Clinton/Gone '96."

But just as Washington's men rose to face the dawn, the Reformers knew this was just the prologue. On Sunday, they kicked off their campaign for the soul of the country, with the usual trimmings. A Dixieland band shunted about wearily spreading cheer. Ben Franklin, passing out pamphlets, was on hand to help Ross. Honest Abe too—though his beard kept slipping. Tim Shaw, a Pennsylvania volunteer, was manning a new Declaration of Independence the size of three thumbtack boards which Reformers could sign. Said Shaw, "If we win, it's going to the Smithsonian. If we lose, it's going to Ross's basement."

That evening, the vanquished Lamm addressed the hall. In spite of all temptations, he expressed steadfast support for the Reform Party. And though he drew applause for his jabs at the major parties, Lamm was happier playing the serious bi-partisan reformer that polls say we want (until we get him). To illustrate his point that "the best politics is the worst public policy," he focused on immigration. With slides and charts, he urged the party to add a plank to its platform reducing legal immigration. "There is no essential difference, in my mind, between exporting a job and importing a new worker," Lamm explained. "We should be pro-immigrant. But the question is, do we want to have as many people as they do in India?"

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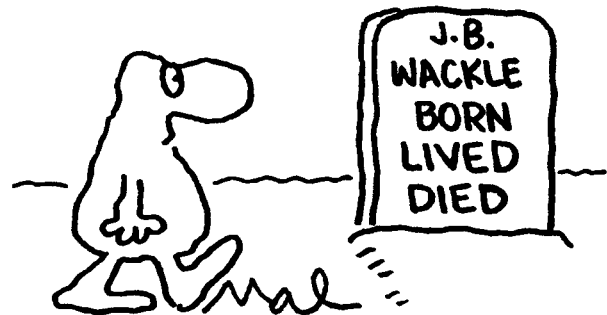
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"Now read that back to me."



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The boys are weary, so when she
Increased their quotas cruelly,
They cooked the books—a no-no now
Disfiguring the AG's brow
As hide-and-seek rewards those who
No longer wait till moons are blue
Before they ford the Rio Grande
Past pooped-out guards in Gringoland.

—W. H. VON DREELE



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KEMP

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE AN END RUN AROUND THE CLINTON-GORE DEFENSE, AND TAKE THE BALL OF ECONOMIC GROWTH TO THE GOAL LINE OF FULL EMPLOYMENT!!!

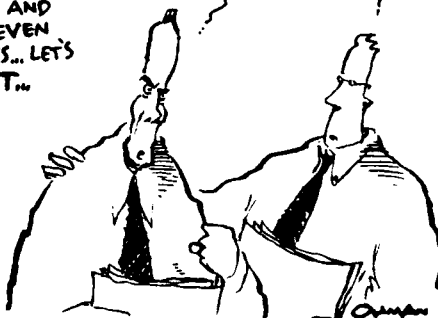
GREAT, JACK... THAT'S THREE HOURS AND FORTY SEVEN MINUTES... LET'S EDIT...



DOLE

BOB DOLE... BOB DOLE... BOB DOLE... AAARGHH... LET BOB DOLE TRY IT AGAIN...

C'MON, SENATOR... YOU CAN SAY "ME..."



The audience was receptive to Lamm. But when the video tribute to Ross Perot began to roll, a hush spread across the room. The mainly middle-aged and golden-year-old Reformers leaned forward in their chairs, mesmerized by the photos of young Ross—on a horse, graduating from the Naval Academy, IBM salesman, Vietnam crusader, and billionaire politician. A great American, if ever there was one.

When Perot appeared, the crowd leapt to its feet. Here, finally, was the man who understood about lobbyist reform and trade deficits and campaign financing. They waved and cheered. "Go, Ross, Go!"

But Perot senses that he is worshipped less for his issues than for his anti-establishment anger, his one-liners, and his command of American iconography. So he praised patriots in covered wagons, and the Indian "empire builders" destroyed by reservations and welfare. He spoke derisively of presidents who "lean over the podium with tears in their eyes saying, 'I feel your pain.'" He denounced the two-party system and

promised to "kill that little snake this time." In classic Perot, he dealt with education by speaking at length about the physical development of a baby's brain ("He's not going to talk about a baby's brain," Perot mused to himself, predicting the pundits' reactions. Post-modern, self-referential irony? Or egotism? Answers please on one side of the paper only.)

Speech over, Perot scampered off to the Larry King show. Reformers wandered about in paroxysms of delight.

But Reform's future is as uncertain as that of Washington's army in 1777. Down to 3 per cent in the polls, this ragtag band is united by Perot's own special blend of macro-economics—and by a generalized discontent with the direction of America. But, without theory, discontent is dumb. They are Buchananites without the culture war, Republicans without supply-side economics, and Democrats without big government. Not knowing where to go by themselves, they have little choice but to keep following Ross. —AO

San Diego

THE Sunday before the convention opened, the Buchanan Brigades rallied in Escondido, like Highlanders in a glen, before melting into the hills to await the next cattle raid.

Buchanan had kept his intentions in doubt up to the last minute, the better to exert leverage on the victors. In the Escondido Arts Center, a tall, horse-shoe-shaped auditorium, a vocal portion of the crowd was for bolting the GOP. But one purpose of the meeting was reconciliation, although Oliver North, who was a warm-up speaker, nearly made a botch of it. "I know some came here urging the formation of a new political party," he said, whereupon the hall exploded in whoops and cheers. North looked like a chef in front of a stove of pots boiling over. Vainly he tried to turn down the gas. "You're a liberal!" one dihard cried out to him. Linguists tell us that a human mind can form millions of sentences it has never yet heard. Yet most sentences—*Take out the garbage! Do you love me?*—seem stale. This one, addressed to that man, was absolutely fresh.

Only when Buchanan himself took the stage did the rude sea grow civil. Buchanan has improved greatly as a speaker since 1992, and this was a mellow and eloquent performance, far from the manic black-hats-and-rifles phase after the New Hampshire primary. He devoted his speech to four issues.

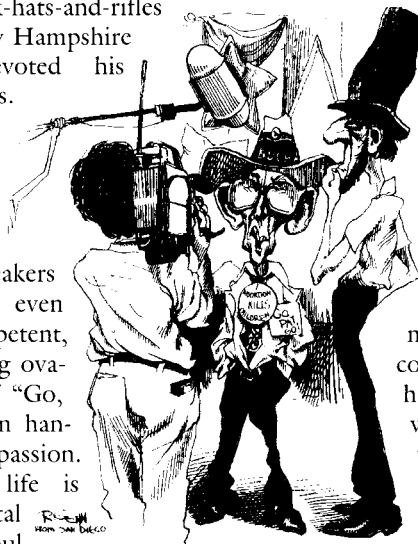
The first was abortion. This seemed to be the hot-button issue of the gathering. Any of the warm-up speakers who mentioned it, even the most incompetent, could get a standing ovation and chants of "Go, Pat, Go." Buchanan handled it with quiet passion. "The culture of life is locked in mortal struggle for the soul of America with the culture of death." To say nothing of the soul of the GOP. "The day my party walks away from the innocent unborn, that day it ceases to be my party." Attn: Colin Powell.

Next came economic nationalism. This issue got a less automatic response. Several of the warm-up speakers had touched on it, to tepid applause, though when Buchanan stepped up to the plate, it sailed out of the park. He flailed "transnational corporations that show no loyalty to workers," and told a moving story of visiting a Fruit of the Loom plant in Rayne, Louisiana, which was about to move its operations to Mexico. "Either Americans go forward together or we don't go forward at all." One could see why some clear-headed leftists both admire Buchanan, and are frustrated with him. Why stop the argument there? Why should non-unionized firms in America be able to poach jobs from unionized ones?

The sleeper issue of the evening was American soldiers wearing UN insignia. This has percolated up to Bob Dole's speeches, when he says that American troops should not be under the direction of Boutros Boutros-Ghali. In Escondido, any mention of the issue caused an eruption. Buchanan spoke of "soldier-patriots like Michael New," the Army mechanic who was court-martialed for refusing to wear a UN patch while assigned to a peacekeeping mission in Macedonia. This provoked chants of "Free Michael New." It is the Panama Canal issue of 1996.

The fourth issue was "whether America survives in the twenty-first century . . . with a common culture." Fifty miles from Tijuana, and with the designated vice-presidential nominee, Jack Kemp, still publicly opposed to Proposition 187, this had special relevance. "Mexicans are good people," Buchanan explained. "Our hearts go out to them." But after decades of oppression and robbery by their own government, too many of them want to come here. And Americans have a right to defend what we have built. "If we can send an army halfway around the world to defend the borders of Bosnia and Kuwait, why can't we defend the borders of the United States?"

After this round-up, Buchanan called for a "Truce of God," in which Republican barons, knights, and peasants with



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pitchforks would lay aside their differences until after Election Day. No one cried, "You're a liberal."

One argument used to justify the Truce is that the Buchanan Brigades had had a crucial impact on the platform. Their impact was mixed. On abortion, Buchanan gave rhetorical leadership, but the heavy lifting was done by Ralph Reed and the Christian Coalition. Buchanan is responsible, however, for the sentence in Dole's acceptance speech promising not to surrender American sovereignty to the World Trade Organization. Speaking of Reed, he will have a Buchanan problem in 2000. Reed likes winners, and Buchanan cannot win

a presidential election. But without an elder statesman front-runner like Dole to rally round, how will Reed prevent his troops from joining the next Jacobite rebellion?

Buchanan ended his speech with a forecast of great things. "One day the stone the builders rejected will become the corner stone." The line, from Psalm 118:22, is echoed in Ephesians 2:20 and I Peter 2:7, where it refers to Christ. It was also picked up by Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, who referred to slavery, the stone rejected by the Founders. What Buchanan makes of the line, and his stone, remains to be seen. —RB



AMONG the most popular hats on the floor of the Republican Convention were big white cowboy hats with red lettering reading: "RNC for Life." They were just one of the signs of the enduring influence of Phyllis Schlafly, the *grande dame* of the Right, attending her 12th Republican convention. Surrounded by her young female staff and the "Eagles" from around the country whom she has cultivated in four decades as a Republican activist, Mrs. Schlafly played ball with the big boys in San Diego—and won. Her Republican National Coalition for Life—eight hundred of its hats were snatched up by delegates in a matter of twenty minutes—is devoted to preserving the pro-life plank in the platform (and to keeping it from being diluted by tolerance language). Mrs. Schlafly may lack the media appeal and insider influence of Ralph Reed, but the 72-year-old mother from Missouri is shrewd and unyielding. "She's sharp, she knows everybody and is very, very principled, but not into driving off the cliff as a form of entertainment," says one platform-committee staffer. "Of all the outside people, she was the one who was most important and influential."

The first indication that the carefully orchestrated convention might go off script on the issue of abortion came at a Sunday-night dinner at Upstairs at Croce's, a restaurant in San Diego's Gas Lamp District, the downstairs bar of which was a popular nighttime hangout for drunken delegates and reporters. Mrs. Schlafly organized the dinner for about thirty platform delegates, other conservative leaders like Ralph Reed

and Gary Bauer, and platform-committee chairman Henry Hyde. Hyde, the magisterial 11th term congressman, made an eloquent plea for unity, then was taken aback by the vehemence of the delegates' opposition to the proposed Dole tolerance language; they hated the implication that pro-lifers had to prove their "tolerance," didn't want abortion mentioned specifically, and wanted the language as far removed from the actual pro-life plank as possible. Hyde begged off eating and immediately reported to the Dole camp that the platform members weren't going to be a rubber stamp. "They thought they had been elected to deal with the platform—contrary to what some other people thought," says Mrs. Schlafly. The next morning social conservatives would make an important show of unity when Reed, Bauer, and Bay Buchanan joined her for an 8 A.M. press conference over the platform language.

The subcommittee dealing with abortion met that morning, but took up other issues while the Dole camp tried to wring from the committee the vote or two they needed to force their version through. "It was brutal," says one observer. One pro-life committee member from New Mexico was reduced to tears by Sen. Pete Domenici's insistent arm-twisting—but didn't give. (Some of

the more experienced members teamed up with the ones who were new to the game to help keep them from breaking). By noon it was clear the Dole people weren't getting anywhere, and they summoned Mrs. Schlafly to the secure, private rooms upstairs.

All afternoon, she walked up and down the stairs meeting with Dole representatives and bringing the latest proposals back to the committee members. "I kept telling them," she says of these meetings, "that a lot of our people really wanted to have a debate and a fight and they didn't want to give an inch." Indeed, the only real prospect of a floor fight in San Diego came from pro-lifers. In a dramatic moment that afternoon, Rep. Hyde impressed upon Mrs. Schlafly the disastrous implications of failing to reach a deal. By 3 P.M. a compromise had been hammered out, with Schlafly and Co. getting almost everything they wanted except the tolerance language removed all the way to the preamble (Ralph Reed wasn't brought in until the end game). Then, it was just a matter of Dole operatives convincing their candidate to go along, itself an hours-long ordeal.

The Dole campaign had to endure a few days of bad publicity, but the loss in the platform committee was probably good for it; it brought back on board the social conservatives who were otherwise ready to bolt the campaign. The rest of the week in San Diego was, as Ted Koppel is willing to attest, devoid of drama. Mrs. Schlafly, something of a convention connoisseur, did miss the spontaneous demonstrations of yesteryear. "I've never seen such a tightly controlled convention," she says wistfully. "Of course, you can argue we got what we wanted, so what is there to complain about?" She also wasn't taken by the rather innocuous rock music that blared from the convention sound-system. "I was really very offended by the music," she says. "The music was always horrible, loud, so-called music." Convention organizers should just be grateful that they didn't have to get their song selection through the platform committee.

—RL



RALPH Reed at a Republican gathering is treated like a rock star. (Make that Christian rock.) Nature seems to abhor a vacuum

around him: if autograph-seeking fans aren't flocking to him, quote-hungry reporters are. And every customer comes away pleased. A bunch of re-



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porters spot him, rush toward him: Mr. Reed, doesn't the platform language on abortion show that the Christian Coalition is in control of the Republican Party? No, he replies; the final language was a compromise reached with the Dole campaign's acquiescence. "Yeah, because you were holding a gun to his head," snorts a reporter. She seems to fluster Reed for maybe half a second. Wait a minute, he says. There's a declaration of tolerance in the indi-

vidual-rights section of the platform. "That's not where we wanted it. We wanted it in the preamble." It doesn't specifically mention abortion, but "everyone knows what it means." It's quite a spectacle: Ralph Reed, trying to play a victory as a defeat in order to make it into a victory again. He's spinning so fast it's hard to see straight. But anyone can still see his smile, and it's not the look of someone who's losing.

—RP



SINCE at least the 1956 Eisenhower nomination when actor Robert Montgomery was advising the GOP on how best to present itself, conventions have been staged events. San Diego was distinctive in being a staged non-event. All the questions—Dole's candidacy, his selection of Jack Kemp for the second spot, the fight over the abortion plank—had been decided before the convention proper. And the party managers candidly announced that they intended to prevent the occurrence of any unexpected events (such as a repeat of Pat Buchanan's "culture war" speech in Houston) by ghost-writing the speeches even of prominent politicians like William Weld, and by exiling those capable of spontaneous oratory, like Alan Keyes, to the sterile certainty of video clips.

Their evident intent was to purge politics (controversial! divisive! possibly dull!) entirely from the agenda, so making room for media images that would evoke warm fuzzy feelings for the GOP in the hearts of independent voters. Paradoxically, this approach worked best on the first and last evenings (Colin Powell's speech, Nancy Reagan's tribute to her husband, and the Kemp and Dole acceptance speeches) when politics was woven inextricably into the proceedings and the media wizardry reduced to a mere instrument. Most of the politics was decidedly conservative, moreover, and the exception, Powell's speech, succeeded because it frankly admitted differences of opinion inside a larger party loyalty. The enthusiasm of that first night should have told GOP strategists that political controversy is not necessarily a turn-off.

Otherwise, the convention was a parade of acceptable faces, some belonging to media-approved politicians like Christie Whitman, the GOP's Nurse

Ratchett with a smiley face, or Susan Molinari ("Gidget Goes Republican"); others to a rainbow coalition of "real Americans"—including Black Americans, white ethnics, Hispanics, a disabled policeman, a rape victim, and two AIDS victims, one of them a child.

In attempting to transcend politics, however, the managers produced a deeply political occasion. The convention might well have been entitled "Celebrating Diversity." And the notion of America as a celebration of diversity and victimhood is, after all, the central idea of liberalism in the post-socialist age. In effect if not intention, San Diego was a surrender to the cultural assumptions of liberals and the media.

Party managers may have thought they had avoided any such trap by including victims of liberalism, notably a small businessman smothered by regulations, and by giving some of them moderately conservative speeches to read. Perhaps Haley Barbour even saw the two middle evenings as an expression of the assimilative power of the American idea.

For that to have been true, however, political ideas would have had to be injected. Hard, unsentimental arguments would have had to be mounted, repeatedly, against such obstacles to assimilation as bilingual ballots and linguistic ghettos. And that would have disturbed the reigning atmosphere of niceness. Anyway, the impact of mere words would have been overwhelmed, as in fact it was, by a succession of images redolent by now of multicultur-

alist propaganda and by media techniques, notably Mrs. Dole's superbly conducted tour of her husband's life, that echoed the sentimental inclusiveness of the talk shows in which "human being" is a term of praise.

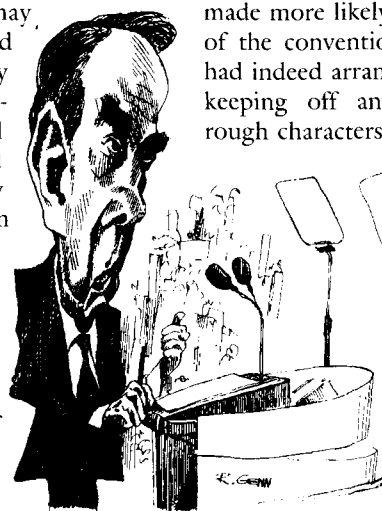
One saw, of course, what the party managers were up to. They wanted to avoid the fiasco of Houston when the Bush campaign had attacked cultural liberalism and embraced "family values"—but without really understanding the case and with a bad conscience so that they immediately backed off when charged by the media with stigmatizing gays and single parents. This time, they would go with the flow, and show the world that, hey, Republicans are human beings too.

It must have come as a surprise when the whole event was dismissed by media icons as a shameful "infomercial." Some of this may have been simple commercial rivalry. Veteran British journalist Bill Deedes, who began his professional life sixty years ago accompanying Evelyn Waugh in the Abyssinian War (and who is therefore sometimes said to be the model for William Boot in *Scoop*), opined that the networks had resented being handed by the RNC a program already packaged for television without their help.

Any such reaction would have been made more likely by the genial boasting of the convention organizers that they had indeed arranged it all for television, keeping off any disturbing ideas or rough characters that might frighten off the viewers—except, of course, for Bob Dole himself. Chesterton once wrote that the man who preaches egoism is practicing altruism. In that light, Paul Manafort and others who warned us so candidly that propaganda was their game were unselfishly issu-

ing a sort of Federal Election Commission warning not to believe what we saw. Perhaps the media saw that as a subtle undermining of the integrity of their own reporting. Anyway they dissed it as such.

But one sensed a more elemental motive at work. Sure, the GOP Convention was a surrender to cultural liberalism. The lords of the media saw that and were pleased. But it wasn't enough.



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Truth in Tagganging

DANIEL C. PALM

THERE'S talk in Wyoming about the "Aspenization" of Jackson. Once part of the *real* West, this town at the foot of the Tetons has been invaded by liberal yuppies and movie stars. An old-time rancher was quoted recently in the *New York Times* comparing these to previous visitors: "[T]he Rockefellers came out here and lived in log cabins because they liked nature. This new crowd, they want steel sliding doors and a bathroom as big as my house attached to each bedroom." Early last month, a pickup truck collided with a polo pony in Jackson. A week later, the first family arrived for their annual vacation.

On August 10, between a round of golf and a photo-op on horseback, the President addressed the nation from Jackson via radio. His theme was anti-terrorism legislation, his aim to exert pressure on vacationing senators, due back in Washington in September, to support his proposals. These include better international coopera-

tion, tougher punishments, and tighter airport security. So far so good. The cowboy way.

But the President went on to push his pet provisions, which were opposed by House conservatives before summer adjournment: broader wiretapping powers for law enforcement, and microtaggants in explosives and gunpowders. The former landed the President in trouble with civil libertarians, right and left—not to mention assorted others who don't relish the idea of a bar bouncer listening in. The taggant idea is clearly directed at the White House staff's favorite whipping boys: gun owners and the NRA.

MICROTAGGANTS are plastic identification markers which are smaller than a grain of sand. They are intended for use in mining and quarrying explosives, ammonium-nitrate fertilizers, and gunpowders. They were brought to the public's attention some months ago, when the President pressed for their use after the Oklahoma City bombing. The technology is nothing new: developed by the 3M Corporation in the late 1970s, Jimmy Carter proposed their use in 1977, just as the Unabomber was beginning his 18-year reign of terror. Taggants have been used successfully since then by some explosives manufacturers as a means of proving patent infringement and dealing with warranty claims. Now, hard on the heels of the TWA Flight 800 tragedy on July 17 and the pipe-bombing in Atlanta's Centennial Park ten days later, the President has renewed his effort to require taggants in already tightly registered explosives and in the gunpowders sold over the counter in sporting-goods stores nationwide.

At first glance, the idea looks appealing. Taggants might serve as a help to detectives at the scene of a bomb-related crime. As the President pointed out on the radio, during a pilot program in Maryland in 1979, they were effective in convicting a jealous husband who bought two sticks of Tovex 220 from a registered explosives dealer in his home town and blew-up his wife's boyfriend. But would taggants work on a wider scale? Consider an analogy: The brass cartridge case of most ammunition has an identifying mark on the base, a "headstamp," that usually lists the manufacturer and caliber, and sometimes the year of manufacture. But even if such a brass cartridge is found at the scene of a crime, it is of very limited help, considering that the ammunition could have been purchased anywhere in the country.

Identification markers in the gunpowder used in a pipe bomb would not be much different. In a given year, between three million and five million Americans buy gun powder in one-pound cans from sporting goods stores in order to "reload"—i.e. make their own ammunition—using old brass cases and new bullets. They go to this trouble for two reasons: increased accuracy and greater economy. The latter is critical: reloading makes gun ownership practical for many who wouldn't other-

(Continues on page West-4)

WEST WORLD

■ No one's seen Ted Koppel in the Western states this week. That must mean there's no news here.

■ We haven't been able to confirm reports that soon after Koppel left San Diego in such a funk about the dearth of news at the GOP convention, his spirits were buoyed by the prospect of devoting another *Nightline* to dredging up dirt and destroying the reputation and future prospects of the Atlanta pipe-bombing suspect, who, of course, has yet to be—and very possibly won't ever be—charged with any crime. What would we do without the media elite to educate us on what's newsworthy?

■ Perhaps the strangest act in San Diego was by California's Pete Wilson. We think he meant to hang out in the so-called Protest Zone, 165 feet from the convention perimeter. But there must have been too many of his foes in the pro-affirmative-action groups mixed in with his friends in the pro-partial-birth-abortion groups, because as far as we can tell he set up shop for the majority of the convention in the crying room. Too bad convention planners didn't sound-proof it.

■ We're not sure which child received more TV exposure at San Diego: Susan Molinari's baby or Governor Wilson.

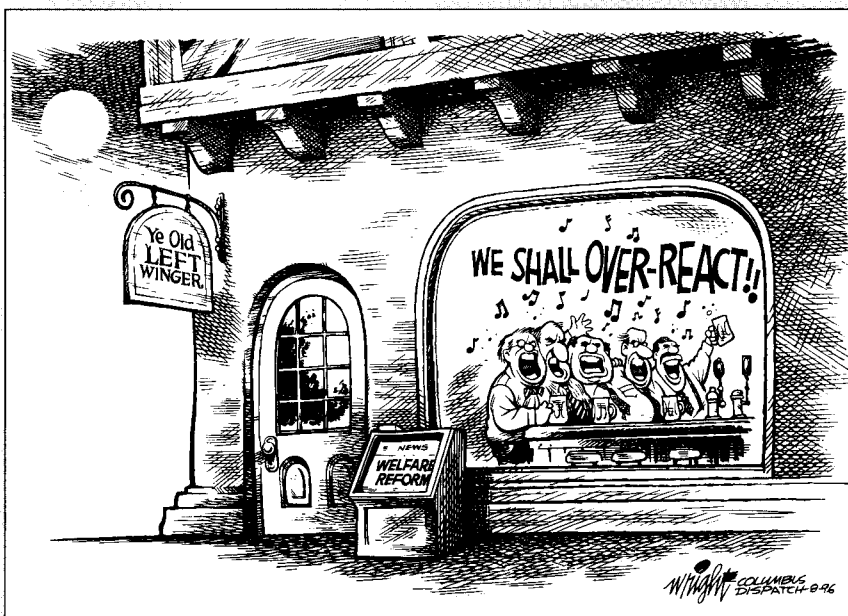
■ Shortly before the GOP convention, in an exchange of opinion articles, Governor Wilson and Senator Gramm of Texas engaged in an interesting debate over proposed federal legislation to allow states to deny public schooling to illegal immigrant children. Wilson based his argument on the Tenth Amendment, saying in effect that for the feds to require the states to pay for educating illegals amounts to an unfunded mandate. (California public schools include an estimated 500,000 illegal alien children.) Gramm took umbrage at Wilson's "administer[ing] a lecture" to him as if he were a "constitutional nin-compoop." So Gramm lectured back: Wilson "should keep reading [the Constitution] until he finishes the 14th Amendment . . . [which] says a state has no right to 'deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.'" Of course, the clause "within its jurisdiction" is the rub; as Edward J. Erlar has pointed out in these pages, for the authors of the 14th Amendment, it

implied some exclusions, among whom we must surely count illegal aliens. Perhaps Gramm understands that he is on shaky constitutional ground. For he continues: "If the Constitution doesn't offer enough reason for us to educate [illegal alien] children, common sense does." But doesn't that lead us back to the 10th Amendment? We'll chalk this one up for Wilson.

■ We can't recall which MS-NBC commentator it was who remarked during the second day of the San Diego convention on what he thought was an age-factor problem for Bob Dole: that Dole would not readily be able to identify pop icons like Snoop Doggy Dogg. But the day after, a news item out of Los Angeles began: "Murder charges made Snoop Doggy Dogg a better father and more of a man, but they haven't tamed him, he said." (We guess not, because having been acquitted of a shooting murder that occurred in 1993, Dogg is named in a wrongful-death lawsuit going to court this month.) And the next day, in his acceptance speech, Dole offered himself as a "bridge" to a better America based on an older model. The advantages of age, indeed.

■ Former prosecutor Christopher Darden was on hand at the convention. But what veteran of the O. J. Simpson trial was bashing Hollywood as a "culture of whores" which makes movies like *Pulp Fiction*, in which "the hit men become the good guys"? O. J. Simpson, of course. Hollywood has "no morals," spake this modern-day prophet, who remained unsinged by lightning.

■ Last month, Mariana Parks and John Hamer suggested that the Seattle-area media need a few more conservative sources to achieve the desirable balance. (See "Biasless in Seattle," *NR West*, August 12.) Perhaps they scored a point—or make that half a point. In their latest newsletter they report that the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer's* education reporter called their offices at the Washington



Institute for Policy Studies, seeking reaction to a political candidate's comment on bilingual education. But he couched his request in terms of needing "quotes from some conservative wackos."

■ In Crow Agency, at the sight of the Battle of the Little Big Horn in southern Montana, things are poppin' again. In April, the Crow tribal government leveled a 4 per cent tax on goods and services sold by several non-Indian business owners, whose businesses are located on pockets of private property inside the Crow reservation. We are not talking the Fortune 500 here: these are small businesses that cater to tourists in this desolate land. Indeed, one is a historical society whose profit on souvenirs goes to keep the Big Horn County Museum open. Many of these businesses have refused to pay this tax, and in response the tribal government has filed liens against them. The owners say they will continue to refuse, even if it means a fight. In the spirit of the age, tribal chairman Clara Nomee put a touchy-feely face on the tax: "I pray about this every day. . . . Somehow they don't understand that we have got to survive, that we have American dreams too." But Montana Senator Conrad Burns calls it "taxation without representation," and wants federal protection for the businesses in the event the tribal government tries to seize them. It will be interesting to see how the Justice Department, which nowadays is as accustomed to seizing property as to protecting it, will respond if need be. In any case, it's good to see that the spirit of the West survives in old Montana. And that's more than we can say for Los Angeles, where the Gene Autry Museum is currently showing an exhibit on General George Armstrong Custer—in which the most talked-about display is of the Son of the Morning Star's underwear.

■ ABC News's Sam "The Kid" Donaldson reportedly lost about eighty sheep to coyotes on his New Mexico ranch last year. So this scourge of "corporate welfare" and champion of the downtrodden—oh yes, and he's also a multi-millionaire—is now looking to the American taxpayer—in the form of the federal Animal Damage Control office—to pick up the tab for ridding his ranch of predators. We wonder that candidate Perot didn't think of this aggressive reformer when he was looking for a junior partner on the campaign trail.

■ A San Fernando Valley assemblyman wants the cultural mecca that spawned Valley Girls and Valspeak to secede from Los Angeles. According to early reports, any Declaration of Valley Independence would contain the words, "Like, give me liberty or totally give me a bum-mer day at the mall, fer sure."

■ Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt announced another compromise between regular people and environmentalists. This compromise will allow the current level of 117,000 or so flights per year over the Grand Canyon

National Park, but will increase the no-fly zone from 45 per cent to a full 87 per cent of the air space above the park. The Grand Canyon Trust, representing anti-flight interests—whoever they are—complain that this only concentrates, rather than reduces, noise pollution in the park. The U.S. Tourism Administration—representing the \$100 million per-year tour-plane interests as well as the 800,000 vacationers a year who fly the Canyon—argues that this concentration of flight corridors is unsafe. Babbitt himself was simply self-congratulatory, saying his policy would allow visitors "to experience the immense quiet that Major John Wesley Powell and his expedition found when they encountered the Grand Canyon over a hundred years ago." We can only conjecture, but it strikes us as plausible that Powell would have preferred the occasional buzz of a fixed-wing plane overhead to the constant yipping of environmentalists and the interminable puffery of bureaucrats—or the sound of two planes colliding.

■ The Sacramento-based Pacific Legal Foundation has alerted Californians that the state term-limit initiative they passed in 1990 is being dragged back into court. The last challenge died in 1991, with a pro-initiative ruling from the state Supreme Court. But now Berkeley Assemblyman Tom Bates is promoting a rematch, arguing that he is not bound by the previous decision since he was not named individually as a party. PLF pointed out in court that Bates had supported the previous challenge financially, and sought to have his lawsuit dismissed. But a federal court judge has agreed to let it proceed. How about term limits for judges?

■ A recent biography, citing letters from Sir William Stephenson, reveals that Cary Grant was working for the British government as a spy during World War II, supplying information about Nazi sympathizers in Hollywood. We wonder if the studios will now strip Grant's name from buildings, etc., as they did Robert Taylor's name in the late Eighties, in retaliation for his supplying information in the Fifties to our own government on Hollywood's Communist sympathizers. Not that they should, of course. But the Hollywood establishment's continued admiration of Grant suggests that Taylor was mistreated.

■ Rev. Jim Mitulski, of the Metropolitan Community Church in—where else?—San Francisco—distributed dope instead of the usual fare for Communion on August 18. Mitulski, whose congregation is predominantly homosexual, meant this as a protest against the state's recent closure of a Cannabis Buyer's Club, which supplied pot to AIDS patients. We're just glad the Rev wasn't as socially conscious when Sodom by the Bay closed down its bath houses ten years ago.

■ *Pravda* has ceased publication. The *Los Angeles Times* hasn't. But take heart: history is still on our side.

PALM

(Continued from page West-1)

wise be able to afford the high cost of factory-loaded ammunition. And the Second Amendment applies to them as well as to any American.

A SINGLE lot of most gunpowders is distributed to between 10,000 and 20,000 individuals. Tracking taggants backwards to such a lot wouldn't be the best use of law enforcement's time and resources—unless, that is, the government plans to register all purchasers of gunpowder, as is currently done with the explosives used in mining operations. Indeed, an individual code for each and every can of powder is within the realm of possibility, and if combined with purchaser registration and, of course, the necessary bureaucracy, this could be effective at regulating sales of gunpowder. From this it's easy to understand why hunters and gun owners see microtaggants as a foot in the door that would logically lead to assigning codes and numbers to each and every cartridge case, bullet, and ounce of powder.

The mining and quarrying industries predict that taggants would mean significant price increases. Ditto for gunpowder, putting the shooting sports out of the reach of many average citizens. All gun owners, whether they buy commercial ammunition or not, are also concerned by tests showing that the accuracy of propellant gunpowders is thrown off by adding even minute amounts of taggant. And safety is an issue: Tests conducted by the Office of Technology Assessment in 1980 found "increased activity" in one powder tested, and other tests found even greater dangers when taggants were added to true explosives.

Finally, taggants could spell the end of the explosives and propellant industries altogether. A recent article in the *Wall Street Journal* cites a pro-taggant physicist who argues that the explosives manufacturers' true fear is the lawsuits that could be expected after a bombing—surely a valid concern, given the civil justice system's current penchant for giving huge liability awards regardless of actual responsibility.

Meanwhile, what effect would taggants have on criminals? The latter

would likely feed off a market of stolen or otherwise non-traceable explosives and powders, much as they do with guns today. And taggants would do nothing to thwart Unabomber-type terrorists, who can manufacture their own explosives using raw chemicals.

The idea of microtaggants is vintage

liberal crime-fighting: more expense and trouble, and bigger and more intrusive bureaucracy, all going to hamper good citizens rather than bad. From an administration that seems determined to pick fights with gun owners, it hardly comes as a surprise. And they probably loved it in the faux West of Jackson. □

WILLIE BROWN, MEDIA DARLING

Double Standards

MIKE ANTONUCCI

New York Times reporter James Dao is making waves in New York with his investigative reports on the financing of Governor George Pataki's 1995 inauguration. Pataki supporters have resisted releasing financial documents for 18 months, but now have been ordered to do so by State Supreme Court Justice Joseph Harris.

Dao and New York Assembly Democrats are asking questions like: Who were the major contributors and did they receive preferential treatment from the administration? Was there any surplus after expenses were paid, and was any of it used for political purposes? The financial documents have been subpoenaed, and Assembly Democrats plan to hold public hearings on the matter.

Dao's investigation revealed that "many lobbyists and corporations that are regulated by the state contributed to the funds, some of them giving more than what would be allowed under state campaign-finance laws."

Compare the media response to the Pataki inauguration to a remarkably similar case in California. In February 1994, then-Speaker of the Assembly Willie Brown held a two-day education summit at the Westin St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. An Assembly resolution required the Speaker to reveal the contributors to, and costs of, this summit. On March 11, 1994, in a press release titled "Speaker Brown Announces Partial Costs of Education Summit," Brown revealed that \$138,000 in private money and \$112,600 in public money had been spent.

Between August 1994 and January 1995, *Inside California* made numerous public requests for the remainder of the records. They were ignored. In January 1995, the newsletter sued Speaker Brown and the Assembly in Superior Court. In May 1995, one day before the judge was to make a ruling, Brown turned over 400 pages of documents.

These documents revealed:

—The total cost of the two-day summit was \$353,252.41

—Only \$96,000 in private donations were collected. One \$10,000 check was never deposited into the Assembly Operating Fund. To this day, no one knows where that check went.

—No one knows from where Brown appropriated the taxpayers' share of the tab: \$267,252.41

—Brown spent \$73,000 for banquets and banquet rooms, \$32,000 for hotel rooms and parking, and \$4,350 to have 145 special chairs delivered to the hotel.

—Aleita Huguenin, lobbyist for the powerful California Teachers Association, charged \$1,015 to room service in an 11-hour period and sent taxpayers the bill.

—Brown himself spent more than two nights in the \$1,700-per-night Windsor Suite without paying, and without reporting it as a gift, as required by state law.

In February of this year, the Assembly settled the suit with *Inside*

Mr. Palm is assistant professor of political science at Azusa Pacific University.

Mr. Antonucci is managing editor of *Inside California*, a monthly political newsletter.

California, paying all attorneys' fees. But neither the Assembly nor Brown seems to have learned a lesson. The former has ignored repeated requests for financial records of a 1993 economic summit and a 1995 women's legislative summit. Willie Brown, now the mayor of San Francisco, has not publicly released the financial records of his \$450,000 inaugural party, and is stonewalling requests for records of his April 1996 San Francisco economic summit.

Mayoral campaign donations are lim-

ited to \$750. Donors to Brown's April summit have contributed as much as \$20,000 each, for a total of over \$335,000. Adding this to the inaugural expenses and the \$100,000 spent on a one-day "health summit" in August, Brown will have accepted and disbursed close to \$1 million in private donations since becoming mayor in January. Unlike campaign contributions, co-sponsored-event financing has very few rules, and even less regulatory oversight.

This screams for media attention. But while the details of Brown's summit

practices have been made available to the California press for two years now, the result has been an op-ed by Linda Seebach in the *San Ramon Valley Times* and a short mention by *Sacramento Bee* columnist Dan Walters. Without talk radio, this story would have been completely buried.

What makes the Pataki story worthy of headlines in one of the nation's premier daily newspapers, and the multiple Brown stories worthy of press disdain? It couldn't be partisan media bias, could it? □

ABORTION [IL]LOGIC

Above the Rug

DESPITE the venom spewed during the Republican platform fight over abortion—e.g., media favorite Ann Stone on pro-life "hatemongers"—few hard questions were asked or answered in what was essentially just another exchange of sound bites. Although this is one of the nation's most contentious issues, little edifying discussion seems to come of it.

Consider a question that is almost never addressed: how can the legal reasoning underlying criminal fetal homicide cases be differentiated from that underlying abortion? In California, Penal Code Section 187 defines murder as "the unlawful killing of a human being, or a fetus, with malice aforethought." Yet the very same section states that this definition does not apply to any action taken under California's Therapeutic Abortion Act.

A recent case in the northern California city of San Leandro illustrates the logical inconsistency. The fetus of a woman in her eighth month of pregnancy was killed by a man who invaded the woman's home and shot her in the abdomen (the woman survived). Police say that when the shooter is caught, they will ask the district attorney's office to charge him with murder, since the motive

seems to have been the deliberate killing of the fetus.

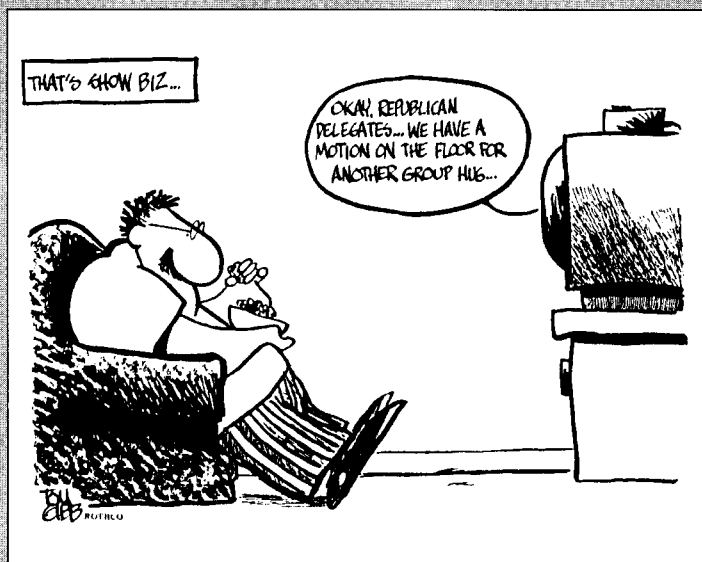
One might ask, what is the difference between this crime and the deliberate killing of a fetus in an abortion clinic? In both cases, the unborn child is equally dead. Defenders of the distinction might argue that in the one case the mother has not consented to the killing of the fetus, and in the other she has. But this is intellectually untenable: murder hinges on whether there is a murder victim, not on whether a third party has consented to the killing.

Others would say the comparison of the San Leandro killing to abortion does not account for the "viability" of the fetus—that is, its ability to survive outside the mother's womb. The eight-month-old fetus in the San Leandro case is different, they would insist, from an unborn child of three months.

California courts, however, have rejected this distinction. In a landmark 1993 case, *People v. Davis*, an appellate court held that a person can be convicted of murder of an unborn child even if the child is not "viable." Specifically, a 24-week-old fetus was killed when the mother was shot during a robbery. According to the court majority's opinion, "It surely makes little difference to the woman with child in utero, hoping and expecting to carry the child full term, whether the child is killed at 20 weeks or 25 weeks of existence." It concluded that it is "entirely within the power of the state to impose upon the killing of any fetus the same penalty as is prescribed for murder of a human being." The California Supreme Court later upheld *Davis*.

Both courts, however, felt obliged to affirm that in a conflict between a woman's right to an abortion, and the state's interest in protecting the life of an unborn child, the former outweighs the latter. But they didn't even try to fill in the logic: how can the same act be in one case murder, and in the other an unassailable right? Brian Johnston, western director of the National Right to Life Committee, praised the overall *Davis* decision, but observed that it left standing in law "the absurdity of making the humanity of the unborn turn on whether he or she is 'wanted.'"

Despite the wish of some—especially at the Republican National Convention—that abortion not be a public-policy issue, it will remain so by necessity until this legal incongruity is honestly resolved. —LANCE T. IZUMI



Mr. Izumi is a former chief speechwriter for Governor Pete Wilson.

Equivocality

DOUGLAS A. JEFFREY & BRIAN T. KENNEDY

AS the August deadline neared to send to press the official ballot summary of Proposition 209—a/k/a the California Civil Rights Initiative—a courtroom drama was enacted which illustrates a problem confronting many Californians: confusion over 209-related terminology.

Proposition 209 clearly states: “The state shall not discriminate against, or grant preferential treatment to, any individual or group, on the basis of race, sex, color, ethnicity, or national origin in the operation of public employment, public education, or public contracting.” But as the 209 debate has grown more contentious, it has also grown increasingly muddled. The reason is simple: people on opposite sides use the same words, but mean different things by them.

Take “preferential treatment.” Supporters of 209 define it as Senator Hubert Humphrey, an old-fashioned liberal who spearheaded the 1964 Civil Rights Act, defined “discrimination”: “a distinction in treatment given to different individuals because of their different race.” Accordingly, there are two essential components of non-discriminatory treatment: color-blind law, and equal treatment of citizens as individuals rather than as members of groups.

But the “Media Action Kit” of Educators for Justice, a modern-liberal group opposing 209, calls the initiative an attempt to “take away a hard-won anti-discrimination program.” This newer understanding of discrimination is rooted in the early 1960s, when the Congress of Racial Equality endorsed the idea of legally favoring blacks as a way to remedy past discrimination. President Johnson signed onto this idea in a speech at Howard University in

1965, and by the 1970s it had become universally embraced by the liberal establishment. And the idea had grown in two important respects: (1) Policies favoring blacks could be justified in several ways: they could be remedial; they could aim at achieving “proportionality,” whereby the racial percentages in society are mirrored in the workplace or classroom; or they could aim at achieving intellectual or cultural “diversity.” And (2) these policies were extended to other officially designated minorities and to women.

According to this newer understanding, policies based on race, ethnicity, or gender are only discriminatory if they are unjustified, i.e., if they benefit the wrong people as determined by the government. The corresponding view of non-discriminatory treatment has essential components opposite those of the older view: color-conscious law, and unequal treatment of citizens according to their group affiliation.

Depending on who’s talking, then, 209 either prohibits or mandates discrimination. And from the standpoint of rational discourse, it only gets worse: regarding “affirmative action” there are not two, but *three* distinct understandings in play. Opponents of 209 are united in defining affirmative action in terms of race- and gender-based policies which are justified by one or more of the three social goals listed above. A division has emerged, however, among pro-209 forces.

To some 209 supporters, “affirmative action” is synonymous with “discrimination” as defined by Humphrey in 1964. This has been the prevailing understanding among conservatives for some years: thus, for instance, the title of constitutional law scholar Terry Eastland’s recent book, *Ending Affirmative Action: The Case for Colorblind Justice*. But others in the pro-209 camp understand “affirmative action” more broadly, to encompass

also some *non*-discriminatory programs. Commonly called “outreach programs,” these aim to expand opportunity. To ensure that all high-school seniors have a fair shake at getting into the University of California, for instance, the state might fund tutoring in schools where SAT scores are historically below average, and/or an oversight program to ensure that UC applicants are recruited far and wide. Thus Ward Connerly, chairman of the pro-209 campaign, has labeled “the claim that Proposition 209 will eliminate all affirmative action” as “preposterous.”

Semantics aside, 209 supporters agree in practice on what the initiative would allow and prohibit. Race- and gender-neutral outreach programs are clearly allowed. And Connerly has been firm about such neutrality: “No longer would people like Janice Cammarena, a white, widowed mother of three, be thrown out of outreach classes because her color or racial background does not fit the template of the institution.”

POLLS have suggested that while a large majority of Californians oppose racial preferences, many hold Connerly’s broader understanding of “affirmative action.” This explains why anti-209 forces took Attorney General Dan Lungren to court in August, objecting to his ballot summary of the initiative.

Lungren summarized 209 as a “prohibition against discrimination or preferential treatment.” Pat Ewing, head of the anti-initiative campaign, called this an attempt to “intentionally mislead the public” and demanded that Lungren employ the term “affirmative action.” A Sacramento County Superior Court Judge agreed, arguing that the term “preferential treatment” lacked the requisite “cachet.” This decision was overturned, though, by a state appeals panel, which called “affirmative action” an “amorphous, value-laden term.”

In a sense, it’s misleading to portray these puzzling maneuverings as a problem for Californians. If anything, polls indicate that the principles central to the 30-year-old affirmative-action debate—individual rights and equal opportunity, as opposed to group rights and mandated results—are less “amorphous” in the people’s minds than in those of most of their leaders, not to mention the mainstream media. This is a sad commentary—but not without its upside in the short term. □

Mr. Jeffrey, a senior fellow with the Claremont Institute, edits NR West. Mr. Kennedy is director of the Institute’s Golden State Center for Policy Studies.



"TO THE EDGE OF FREEDOM"

Hong Kong Tour; June 26-July 3, 1997



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NRW-HK

Golfing for Kids

FOR years, teachers unions have thwarted reformers at every turn. In California alone they've blocked charter schools, public-school choice, merit pay for teachers, tougher curriculum standards and, of course, vouchers. Thus Candidate Dole's forceful rhetoric at the San Diego Convention: "To the teachers unions I say . . . I will disregard your political power, for the sake of the children, the schools, and the nation. I plan to enrich your vocabulary with those words you fear—school choice, competition, and opportunity scholarships—so that you will join the rest of us in accountability, while others compete with you for the commendable privilege of giving our children a real education." And if the nation's reaction is any measure, the NEA and its apologists will likely face a flood of reforms no matter who wins in November.

Meanwhile, 20 minutes up the road from San Diego, a group of individuals gathered who have been fighting for better education for quite some time. Oddly enough, it was President Clinton who provided the impetus for their meeting.

Earlier this year, Clinton threatened to veto legislation that would have allowed children of low-income families living in the District of Columbia the opportunity to attend public or private schools of their choice. Senator Ted Kennedy led the filibuster that killed the bill. But a few weeks later, the President offered up a round of golf to the highest bidder at a charity auction to benefit his daughter Chelsea's private school, Sidwell Friends. He raised \$76,000.

Instead of moaning about hypocrisy, the Center for the Study of Popular Culture (CSPC) challenged the President to play golf to raise tuition money for the children of thousands of low-

income families across the nation. That challenge, carried in an open letter printed by *USA Today*, is what brought a great many people to the La Costa Country Club in sunny Carlsbad, California, on the eve of the GOP convention.

The first annual "President's Golf Challenge: Golfing for Kids," sponsored by CSPC and the Bentonville, Arkansas-based Children's Educational Opportunity (CEO) Foundation of America, attracted the nation's leading proponents of school choice and raised more than \$1.2 million for children wanting access to good schools. Pat Sajak, Elke Sommer, Al Joyner, Eric Dickerson, Gabe Kaplan, Frank Bonner, and Generation-X stars Justin Walker (*Clueless*), Jason London (*Dazed and Confused*), Jeremy London (*Party of Five*), and Jason Wiles (*Beverly Hills 90210*) were among the celebrities on hand to golf for kids.

This benefit provided funds for 23 privately funded scholarship programs that help more than 10,000 children get into schools of their parents' choice. These programs, which are loosely affiliated with CEO America, pay half the tuition for the children, while parents match the other half. All participants are qualified for the federal school-lunch program (for instance, a family of four earning less than \$25,000 per year).



Mr. Teasley is vice president of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture and publisher of the education watchdog journal, *Report Card*.

More than 20,000 children remain on the waiting lists until more money can be raised.

The positive experience of these kids and their families' struggle to escape bad schools and attend affordable good schools contradicts the teachers unions' tired arguments against school choice. "[Affording a good education] is not a problem for me, it's not a problem for most of us in this room; we have some options," master of ceremonies Pat Sajak said at the President's Golf Challenge dinner. "But if you're a poor family who really cares about your kids and wants to do something, your choices are pretty limited."

OF course, we can golf for kids every year from now until our grandchildren become grandparents, but we will never raise enough to enable every American family to give its children the education they deserve. That is why we ultimately need a federal voucher plan for children. And it's why governors from across the nation have made school choice a priority: Governor Tommy Thompson spearheaded the nation's first-ever public-private voucher plan in Milwaukee; California Governor Pete Wilson has proposed "opportunity scholarship" vouchers that would go to students stuck in his state's worst-performing schools; and Ohio Governor George Voinovich, who keynoted the President's Golf Challenge, established a state commission on school choice more than four years ago.

Sajak told a story that sums up the urgency of the cause: "I first became convinced there was a problem with education in this country when I took over *Wheel of Fortune*. The first taped session I went in to do was 'Teen Week.' And the puzzle was 'ABRAHAM LINCOLN.' The L's were not up there, and a couple of vowels were missing; it looked pretty clear what the puzzle was. And a young girl, a high-school junior as I recall, said, 'I'd like to solve the puzzle.' Very confidently and very loudly she said, 'ABRAHAM BINCOLN.'"

This fall, using the money raised by "Golfing for Kids," more than one thousand low-income children will finally begin getting the education their parents want for them. And Americans will have a chance at the ballot box to indicate that they want all families to have the same opportunity.

—KEVIN TEASLEY

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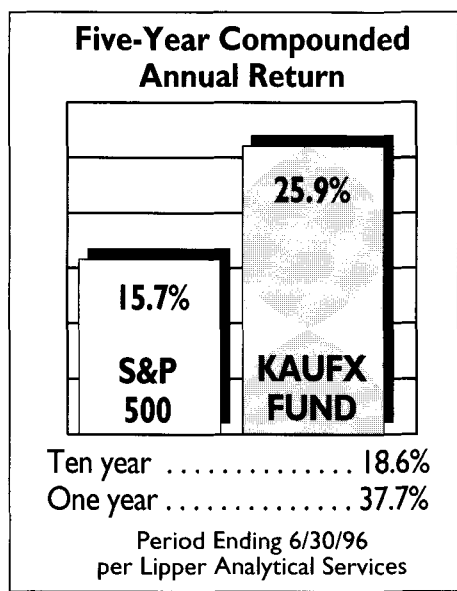
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The Republicans weren't sincere. Abortion was still prohibited by the platform. The delegates were still not a race-and-gender-representative cross-section of Americans. And there were moments, like John McCain's introduction of Dole and the general conservative tenor of Dole's speech, with its stress on virtue and the achievements of America's past, which ran counter to the feelgood liberalism that permeated the convention's middle period. Next time, they must mean it too.

The Republicans cannot, of course,



THE first thing to be said about the presidential nominee's acceptance speech is that it was surprisingly good. Bob Dole has finally articulated a distinctive conservatism that rings true coming from him—perhaps because it rings true to him. There were some too-poetic touches, clearly the handiwork of Mark Helprin: the “cities that, from space, look tonight like strings of sparkling diamonds.” Or the Administration that communicates its lack of leadership “day by day until it flows down like rain. And the rain becomes a river, and the river becomes a flood.” And yes, Dole spoke too long, so long that delegates were pouring out of the convention hall as soon as he finished. But he came to speak of serious things, and by and large he delivered. (Compare his performance to George Bush's 1992 speech, in which he boldly proposed a tax check-off for deficit reduction.)

Rarely, if ever, has Dole given a more ideologically charged speech. Cutting taxes, deploying missile defense, ending parole: Dole hit each topic without bogging down, as some had feared beforehand, in a legislative laundry list. He picked fights with the teachers' unions and with liberal judges—surely the right fights to pick. Yet all this, however novel it was coming from Dole, was commonplace conservative rhetoric. More bracing was Dole's analysis of the state's relations with children, with its implication that government had weakened the family by usurping its functions; and the connection he drew between what he unabashedly called “economic liberty” and the character of a proud and self-reliant people. In this context, Dole's condemnations of bigotry and extremism (“I say that in poli-

tics honorable compromise is no sin,” he said, rebutting Goldwater) came across as principled extensions of a conservative philosophy, not defensive retreats into mushiness. The core of the speech, and its most powerful passages, concerned character: the candidate's, and the country's. Dole delivered an astonishingly conservative social and cultural message. It was not just a matter of daring to mention abortion in the context of a moral breakdown, of saying that “individual accountability must replace collective excuse,” of emphasizing “right conduct.” Dole explicitly and frontally assaulted the notion that “the economy, stupid,” is the most important subject of politics. One might have hoped that, having broached these deep themes, Dole would have fleshed out their implications more fully than he did. But

—JO'S

when he spoke of them, he did so in a voice as old as the wisdom of the Founding Fathers, and as true.

As always with Dole, there are nagging caveats. To listen to Dole's speech was to be reminded of a question that Virginia Postrel had raised in a recent essay in *Reason*: Does the Dole campaign have a future? His rhetoric insistently located sound values in the past. Our accomplishments, he said, have “little to do with the values of the present.” Most conservatives share that tendency—*must* share it, to some degree. But, though Dole did allow that “the old values endure,” he conveyed no sense that they transcend a particular time and place. He conjured the virtues of a rural America that was, without making them relevant to the future. “His imagination knows no suburbs,” wrote Postrel, “and no sources of decency beyond those of his childhood.” The video introducing Dole's speech mentioned that his mother had sewn his sister's clothes herself. Can an affluent America still relate to the sterner virtues of prairie life in 1923?

Bob Dole is apparently betting his campaign on the hope that more than nostalgia ties Americans to the mores of that bygone era. Dole strode to the podium to the sound of the theme song from *Rocky*. It was a song well chosen to capture the mood of the assembled Republicans. It's an underdog's song, and invigorating; as it was an invigorating convention. But before Republicans get carried away, they should remember: Rocky loses in the end. —RP



THE obvious winners in San Diego were Bob Dole and Jack Kemp, whose performances were rewarded with a big jump in opinion polls. Few other convention speakers—extolling the virtues of beach volleyball, faithful dogs, and “real” Americans—were able to match the pre-convention enthusiasm aroused by Dole's tax-cut plan and veep pick. But some clear winners (and losers) stand out.

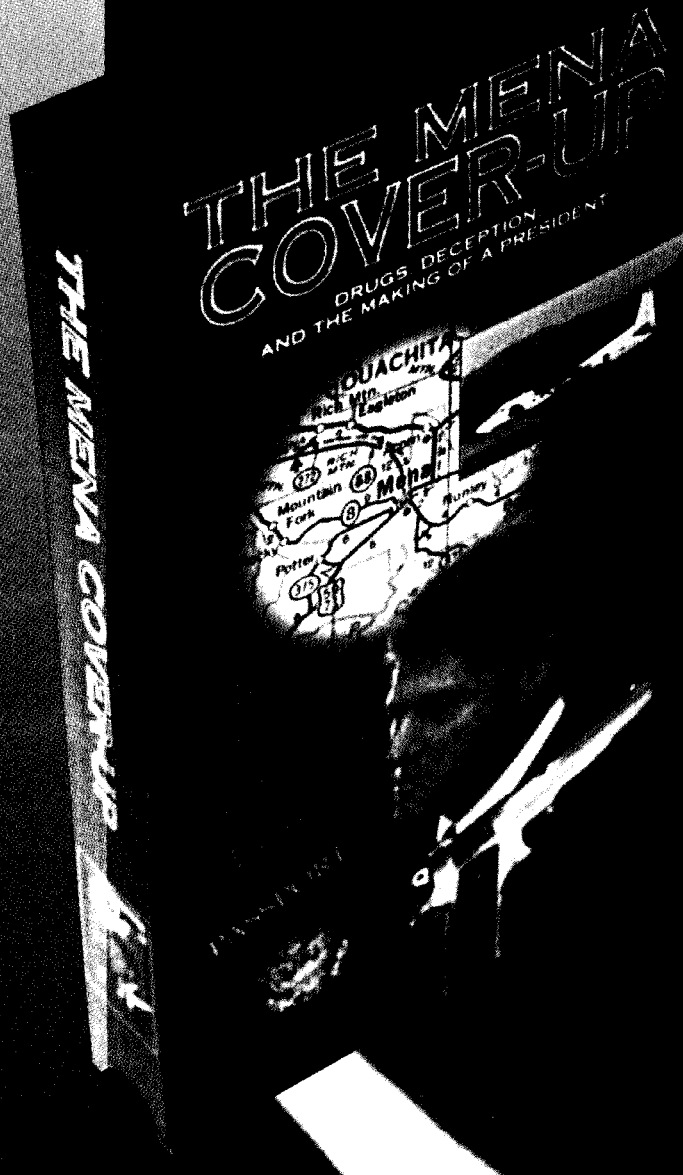
Winners: Sometimes nice guys finish first. **Henry Hyde**, platform chairman and the last Christian gentleman, settled the abortion-plank controversy with a maximum of publicity but a minimum of rancor. There was no retreat, no

smash-up, and few recriminations (but see *Losers*).

Another nice guy (not to mention an important Hyde ally on the platform committee), California Attorney General **Dan Lungren**, displayed a grasp of moral issues rare among Republican politicians. If he is successful in his 1998 gubernatorial bid, conservatives will have a national leader attuned to social issues as well as the economic agenda.

The platform outcome was also a boon for **Ralph Reed**, who can now deliver his troops to support a pro-life ticket. Wise as serpents (Matt. 10:16), he also resisted media temptations to criticize the roster of speakers as having

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been chosen to ignore social issues in favor of "inclusiveness." Instead he focused on the Coalition's "long march" to boost the number of committed delegates at the next convention.

Oklahoma freshman Congressman **J. C. Watts**, also a strong conservative voice on the platform committee, gave a convention speech which had delegates eyeing him as a future draft pick for the national GOP. Congressman **Steve Largent**, another Oklahoma freshman and former football star, did himself credit by *not* speaking at the convention. The stern timekeepers barred Largent from appearing in his allotted slot. He then refused an offer to speak the next night because of commitments to campaign for some of his classmates.

Texas Senator **Kay Bailey Hutchison** must have won over conservative critics in the Lone Star State's delegation who sought to deny her a seat in San Diego with a five-minute blitz on Bill Clinton's ethical collapses on taxes, spending, health care, drugs, FBI abuse, trial lawyers, the UN, regulations, values, Medicare, property rights, and jobs which left the delegates delighted and herself breathless.

Arizona Senator **John McCain** celebrated "the virtues of the quiet hero" (viz. Bob Dole; subtext: when Bill Clinton was busy "loathing the military"). This eloquent tribute to the courage required of warriors was a welcome counterpoint to the Care Bear virtues hymned on previous evenings. And, of course, it helped that it came from a quiet hero.

In another departure from the GOP's feel-good liberalism script, New York City police detective **Stephen McDonald**, a Democrat, was permitted to deliver an emphatic pro-life statement. Shot ten years ago in the line of duty, McDonald addressed the convention from his wheelchair with the aid of a respirator. "I'm not leaving the Democratic Party," he explained, "but I'm not going to embrace a President who urges death when I know that life is so valuable." McDonald explained to his hometown *New York Post* that he had decided to speak out against the President's re-election when Clinton vetoed the ban on partial-birth abortions.

Losers: When **Ann Stone** of Republicans for Choice lost her quadrennial spat over platform language, she took revenge by explaining to an ecstatic **Frank Rich** that the GOP's internal struggle wasn't about abortion at all.

"It's about how you view woman in contemporary society . . . it's those who trust and respect women vs. those who don't." Hmmn. Does she have a point? Haley Barbour and the RNC have accorded Mrs. Stone generous trust and respect as a loyal Republican despite her labeling them as misogynists.

Bill Clinton's Democratic scouts in San Diego were caught off guard by the selection of Jack Kemp. The legendary rapid-response team had not recovered by the end of the week. Their all-purpose "extremist" label doesn't fit Kemp. Meanwhile, the Dole campaign might think of **George Stephanopoulos** for their own ads in which he could gripe that Republicans plan to cut taxes too much. Incidentally, Dems are on shaky ground more generally, arguing the Dole ticket is not what it claims to be while flakking for the Great Pretender.

Ted Koppel, the only angry white male in San Diego, left town in a huff when it became clear that the GOP did not intend to commit suicide simply to boost his ratings.

Also-Rans: This covers those who left San Diego in disarray but who may be rescued by subsequent events.

First in this category is **Pat Buchanan**

—ironically enough, since he had the reverse experience in 1992, leaving Houston amid praises for his speech only to find that the media promptly made it the scapegoat for the Bush-Baker fiasco. This year, Pat played the game. And he lost it, telling his supporters to pull back from the third-party route and support the Dole-Kemp ticket—and getting in return a walk-on part in the final night's crowd scene and no respect.

It was a similar story with pro-choice governors **William Weld** and **Pete Wilson**, who huffed and puffed in advance of the convention but then backed off from a floor fight on abortion that they didn't have the votes to win. Weld faded from the scene, but Wilson continued to gripe, and so this California governor and former mayor of San Diego ended up speaking more outside the hall (to sympathetic reporters) than inside (introducing Elizabeth Dole).

But all three remain in the game with independent power-bases among voters, partisans, and fund-raisers. If Dole-Kemp crashes in November, they could look like innocent bystanders—the ghoulish kind who hang about intersections because they enjoy a good accident.

—KO'B

Washington, D.C.

AT FIRST glance it is a normal political convention. The delegates wave signs and banners, cheer madly. Boasting traditional symbols—flags, red-white-and-blue ribbons—they rejoice in trashing "Depublicans" and "Remocrats," hissing at "Bill Dole" and "Bob Clinton." The Wisconsin delegates, weighed down under large cheese-wedge hats, add that extra little Conventional touch. But is this really a serious political occasion?

Well, maybe. It is the Libertarian Party on the July 4th weekend, assembled in "the belly of the beast" to nominate 63-year-old investment expert **Harry Browne** as the party's presidential candidate. Both candidate and party, of course, are known to despise the entire process of nominations, elections, and indeed governing afterwards. But, hey, you never know.

I put this apparent inconsistency to Mr. Browne; he was unfazed:

Harry Browne: "I never objected to [joining the political process] on moral

grounds, it was . . . the simple futility of changing the system. I didn't choose between Goldwater and LBJ, because either way government would expand; Nixon-Humphrey, same thing. But now, after thirty years of anti-government revolution building up, there really is a chance . . ."

KR: "So 'Libertarian politics' is not an oxymoron?"

HB: "No. Give us a chance for four years, let's see what happens this year and in '98 and 2000 and . . . if we don't make a dent, then I'll have to reconsider the process again."

No doubts haunt the delegates. They chant "Harry, Harry" as Browne accepts the nomination. A tall, silver-haired, Tennessee gentleman, looking a decade younger than his years, Browne is a polished speaker. His libertarianism comes across as traditional Americanism; little in his speech would offend conservatives. Invoking images of Waco and Ruby Ridge, he delivers a passionate plea for "individual freedom, per-

sonal responsibility, and freedom from government on all issues at all times."

The immediate goal of his campaign is to garner 10 per cent support in the polls—and thus a ticket to the presidential debates. Winning the Presidency is a "long shot," but he firmly believes that his party can overcome the "hurdle of irrelevancy" to become a legitimate third party.

KR: "What should the function of a third party be?"

HB: To win elections. We should be working to be one of the three major parties in the country, and eventually one of the two major parties. I believe . . . that the most likely outcome over the next five to ten years is that the Republican Party will disappear."

KR: "And the Democrats?"

HB: "There will always be a market for a party that meddles in other people's business because 30 per cent of the American people like to do that. But there will not always be a party whose only claim to fame is 'we are not the Democrats.'"

Ross Perot's Reform Party isn't a true third party, says Browne, since Perot and Richard Lamm only want "to manage government better," which makes them half-hearted Democrats. Browne, whose mantra is "Government doesn't work," has no wish to manage and reform; he wants to slash and burn—and then go home to enjoy life in Tennessee. He would abolish the NEA, EPA, HUD, FBI, DEA, IRS, and BATF (these last two the most-booted agencies at the convention)—and just about every other government agency you can think of. He would end Social Security, welfare, and any federal role in education or law enforcement, and abolish the federal income tax (eat your heart out, Steve Forbes). And on his first day in office, he would pardon all non-violent drug offenders and income-tax violators.

Abortion and gay marriage, says Browne, are "none of my business." They would be unrestricted by his Administration. As for defense—the one thing that many Libertarians concede is the government's responsibility—Browne wants to establish a missile shield, but "bring all troops home" immediately and scrap all offensive weapons.

Browne's vice-presidential running-mate is a divorced mother of two, 39-

year-old Jo Jorgenson, who targeted the Generation X crowd with campaign buttons that read "Just say Jo!" Attractive and popular, she wows the six hundred delegates with a signature speech on how Republicans "give us the equivalent of 1-900 phone sex. They tell us how much they want us and how good it's going to be. . . . They tease and tempt but they don't deliver." It's a "Republican tax-cut fantasy line."

But do Libertarians have anything more realistic to offer disillusioned Republicans? Could religious and social conservatives ever feel at home among people who greet ACLU president Nadine Strossen with a standing ovation?

Libertarians say yes, claiming that their party is more open to religion as the influence of militant atheist Ayn Rand diminishes and as religious people, harassed by the Feds, join. "Bum-

per" Hornberger, the keynote speaker, is born-again. A side-lecture explains "Why Christians MUST be Libertarians." Salvation, says the speaker, can come only from God, not from the state. And even Joe Sobran, no atheist, gives a lunchtime address.

Yet nagging questions remain.

KR: "Self-described 'pro-life' Libertarians are hesitant to see abortion outlawed and favor 'persuasion,' which is a pro-choice position."

HB: "Libertarians *are* pro-choice, even if they oppose abortion. But it applies to everything."

KR: "Would that apply to murder?"

HB: "You have a 99 per cent consensus in the country that murder is wrong. You don't have that consensus with drugs, prostitution, abortion, so trying to have the government enforce something that is so contentious, that is going to lead to trouble."

KR: "Surely you would agree that murder is wrong not only because of a 99 per cent consensus. Or are there no objective truths—is it just what the majority of people believe?"

HB: "No—It's a pretend game for us to discuss what is morally right and

wrong and then assume that government can enforce it—"

KR: "Government cannot enforce anything?"

HB: "Right. Government doesn't work. That isn't the way the world works. Government is force and I want to minimize the use of force in solving social and political problems. . . . and we're not going to solve them by discussing philosophy."

Seeing no pressing need to answer such questions, he returns to his "why government doesn't work" spiel. At the convention, he even offered a Q&A session on how Libertarians should talk to the media on tough issues. On how to respond to "What about private ownership of nuclear arms?" one of Browne's associates suggests: "Depends on how tough the neighborhood is."

Browne reaches many conclusions that conservatives can accept—that the human spirit withers under over-regulation, that charity cannot be forced, and that the government cannot ensure wealth and happiness. But there is another aspect of "how the world works." Browne seems to believe that people are basically good, or at least smart, and that in a free society everything will work out for the best. Asked about how a society without government would deal with crimes like murder, he veers into Utopia: "People will realize that there is a market for all kinds of things, and people much more able than I are . . . going to come forward and say 'we just developed this new plan whereby you're safe' . . . why should we even be saying now 'how should we do this or that.' It's really a waste of our time."

Really? Surely brilliance can be as innovative in doing evil as in doing good. No matter how smart the people of the future that Browne idealizes may be, there is unlikely to be a plan so innovative as to make laws against murder unnecessary. But does that make Browne an anarchist, or merely an upbeat American techno-optimist?

A little of both perhaps, ideally suited to sound-bite politics. The only thing government can do, says Browne, is "crippl[e] you, giv[e] you crutches," and then make you believe you depend on it. (Conservative cheers.)

And there are more subtle political signs than philosophical opinions. Harry Browne's favorite pastime is Viennese operetta, and his wife sat through interviews, doing needlework. She never once mentioned health care. —KR



GEKKO

YOU know the moment when the Bond villain suddenly realizes that his plan for world domination might not work after all? When he pushes a button in his gigantic control room and the machines don't respond as they should? Something like that happened to the Deutsche Bundesbank at the end of August. The German central bank unexpectedly lowered a key interest rate by 30 basis points. This sort of good news should have caused a rally in the German bond market, which in turn should have taken some pressure off the French. Instead, the German bond, the once mighty *Bund*, sold off on the "good news." What happened?

Master plans have often gone badly in Europe at the end of August, and this year was a good example. No armies are wheeling into Belgium. But the hope that European political unity, and the postwar European model of the state, would be saved by European monetary union has suffered serious wounds.

By the beginning of this year, most EMU skeptics in the market had capitulated. The European traders, led by those on the desks of the central banks and the big commercial banks, had successfully established the idea that monetary union was going to be enforced by an unshakable political consensus. It was just beginning to dawn on some Americans that our country's interests might be adversely affected by the neo-protectionism implicit in EMU.

Then the international contradictions of the plan began to come out. To make EMU work, the European governments had to have a political consensus backing the budget cuts required by the Maastricht unification treaty. Incredibly, they thought that the voting/working "masses" would agree to having their government-issue boondoggles and pittances cut in the service of monetary union. The French officials in particular are now finding out that they were kidding themselves. So Prime Minister Chirac decided to scapegoat Jean-Claude Trichet, his central-bank

governor, whom he accused of choking off the economy. But to cut French short-term rates and keep the franc from collapsing, Trichet needed the strong support of the Bundesbank. That's why the German rate cut was such big news. It was made to give a hand to the French government, but only succeeded in highlighting its weakness.

Now the European money and bond markets are beginning to realize that the EMU plan is likely to turn out to have the compelling power of the League of Nations. All the other central banks followed the Buba in cutting short-term rates. Somehow the idea of a unified sound currency accomplished by a big reflation doesn't make a lot of sense. The European public might support spending cuts in return for, say, tax cuts. But sacrifice for the sake of some dubious new currency? Maybe not.

From the point of view of the European political class, one of the side benefits of EMU was to be the humbling of the speculator community. Instead, they are creating the conditions for a new set of profitable bets on more volatility.

■ Speaking of volatility—or, rather, its peculiar absence—look no further than ValuJet stock. On August 20, the Department of Transportation announced that the grounded carrier would not be able to resume operations by the end of the month. According to my moles in

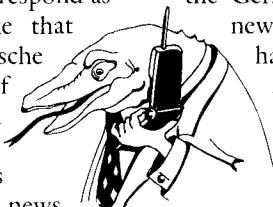
the Federal Aviation Administration, the safety regulators were ready to approve the airline's getting back into the air before the beginning of September. But their perhaps more politically sensitive superiors at the FAA's parent, the DOT, decided they had to give a hearing to the flight attendants' union, which wants to block the anti-union ValuJet management.

The delay does hurt ValuJet, though it doesn't kill it off. What is interesting is how the VJET stock, one of the most heavily traded stocks of the summer, managed to stay roughly within a one-dollar range of ten bucks despite all the volatility of the company's prospects. The answer is that the airline's stock price was reflecting not its intrinsic value, which is probably somewhere south of five dollars, but a huge short squeeze. VJET is the hardest stock to borrow on the Street. That has supported its price far above a level justified by its prospects.

The flight attendants' union wants to do to the ValuJet management what the unions did to Frank Lorenzo a few years ago. Lorenzo, once the chief of Continental Airlines and a leading downsizer, was run out of the industry thanks to the power of the airline unions. This time, though, the flight attendants don't seem to have the support of the rest of the union movement. So the ValuJet managers won't be drummed out of business. But they're likely to see an odd coincidence of events—they'll get back into the air and their stock will drop as the short sellers gradually prevail over the short squeezers.

■ What would you think of a Latin country headed by a new populist president who likes the monicker "El Loco"? What if El Loco enjoys tormenting the bond community? What if El Loco cancels contracts with Norteamericano oil companies?

The country is Ecuador, and El Loco is President Abadala Bucaram. My bond-market people have indeed been bailing out. But it seems that for some more adventurous American businessmen of my acquaintance who are willing to overlook the technicalities of the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act, the new Ecuadorian administration is prepared to offer interesting opportunities. They should probably remember that people like this can't be bought—just rented for the afternoon. —JOHN DIZARD



"I prefer to think of them not as taxes, but as royalties."

Can Democratic Government Survive?

Although Americans still invest a great deal of time and energy in the electoral process, the country is in fact governed by unelected institutions—and they are changing the very nature of our society.

ROBERT H. BORK

SIR Henry Maine made the point that, looking back, we are amazed at the blindness of the privileged classes in France to the approach of the Revolution that was to overwhelm them. Yet Maine finds “the blindness of the French nobility and clergy eminently pardonable. The Monarchy . . . appeared to have roots deeper in the past than any existing European institution.” In his own place and time, men looked upon popular government and the democratic principle as destined to last forever. Maine asked whether the confidence of the French upper classes just before the Revolution “conveys a caution to other generations than theirs.” In the following century, of course, nations that had adopted the democratic principle, in whole or in part, rejected it for totalitarian systems.

Yet we seem at least as sanguine about the prospects for democratic government as were Maine’s contemporaries. The democratic principle is in rhetorical ascendancy everywhere, and yet it is worth asking whether in actuality, as a matter of practice rather than declamation, it is not in retreat, particularly in what had been its strongest bastion, the United States. Unlike the sudden cataclysm that overtook the French monarchy, ours appears to be a slow crisis, a hollowing out of democracy

from within, that gives ample warning of the unhappy condition toward which matters tend.

Modern liberalism is fundamentally at odds with democratic government because it demands results that ordinary people would not freely choose. Liberals must govern, therefore, through institutions that are largely insulated from the popular will.

In his First Inaugural Address, Abraham Lincoln asserted: “The candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.” Lincoln was thinking of *Dred Scott*, the infamous decision that created a constitutional right, good against the Federal Government, to own slaves. Today, however, his observation is even more pertinent, as we have re-

signed into the hands of the federal judiciary ever more vital questions affecting the whole people.

There seems no possibility of retrieving democratic government from the grasp of the Supreme Court, which now governs us in the name of the Constitution in ways not remotely contemplated by the framers and ratifiers of that Constitution. Professor Lino Graglia concludes:

The hope that this situation can be changed by shifts in personnel on the Court has been shown to be futile. Eleven consecutive appointments to the Court by Republican Presidents pledged to change the Court’s direction have not resulted in the overruling of a single major ACLU victory or even halting the flow of ACLU victories. . . . The Court will continue to



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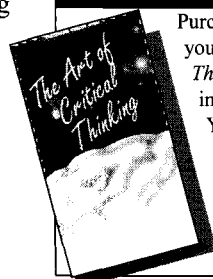
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serve as the mirror, mouthpiece, and enacting arm of a cultural elite that is radically alienated from and to the left of the ordinary citizen. . . .

The only practical way of reining in the Supreme Court is a constitutional amendment making its rulings subject to democratic review. As matters now stand, the Court's assumption of complete governing power is intolerable, and yet, absent a constitutional amendment, we have no way of refusing to tolerate it.

The question is not only one of the illegitimacy of the

The Court's assumption of complete governing power is intolerable, and yet, absent a constitutional amendment, we have no way of refusing to tolerate it

Court's performance in usurping powers that belong to the people and their elected representatives. The judiciary is slowly disintegrating the basis for our social unity.

We too often forget that the liberties guaranteed by our Constitution were not based on legalisms or moral theorizing but upon the historical experience of being governed by the British Crown. Our Constitution, and most particularly our Bill of Rights, were designed to prevent the Federal Government from becoming as oppressive as British rule was perceived to be. But as the historical meaning of the Constitution fades from memory, or is regarded as irrelevant, its guarantees begin to change. We have a student who can say, with no sense of incongruity, that speech should not be free unless it is also correct.

As it departs from the constitutional text and history that give our rights life, rootedness, and meaning, and substitutes abstractions reflecting modern liberalism's agenda, the Supreme Court brings itself and the entire concept of the rule of law into disrepute. It expends a dwindling moral capital and weakens both political authority and the possibility of a common culture. The increasing legalization of our culture is a sign of the fracturing of that culture, the continuing disappearance of the vestiges of unity. Professor John Gray, after discussing the fragmentation of British culture, noted:

We may see the same somber development occurring on a vast scale in the United States, which appears to be sliding inexorably away from being a civil society whose institutions express a common cultural inheritance to being an enfeebled polity whose institutions are captured by a host of warring minorities, having in common only the dwindling capital of an unquestioned legalism to sustain them. . . . The idea that political authority could ever be solely or mainly formal or abstract arose in times when a common cultural identity could be taken for granted. For . . . the framers of the Declaration of Independence, that common cultural identity was that of European Christendom. In so far as this cultural identity is depleted or fragmented, political authority will be attenuated.

As the courts recklessly squander our common cultural

inheritance in the names of radical individualism and radical egalitarianism, they necessarily offer themselves and their authority over law as the only institution capable of holding our turbulent society together. But that task will prove beyond the capabilities of the courts. It takes more than legalisms, abstractions, and judicial diktats to hold a community together. Indeed, by its emphasis on individual and group rights—rights it had invented—against those of the larger community, the Court denigrates the idea that there is value in community, the idea that the collectivity should exert a centripetal force. What the Court is doing is forcing the libertarian-egalitarian philosophy of our cultural elites upon the rest of us.

We head toward constitutional nihilism. No one knows what will happen if Americans see the judiciary for what it is, an organ of power without legitimacy either in democratic theory or in the Constitution. Perhaps we will simply accept the fact that the courts are our governing bodies. Perhaps, though it is highly unlikely, we will amend the Constitution to reassert ultimate democratic control. There does not seem to be a third choice except civil disobedience by legislatures and executives. The most likely outcome seems, at the moment, to be passive acceptance of the ukases of the Court.

THE other institution that may seem to hold the prospect of unifying a multi-ethnic and increasingly contentious society is the federal bureaucracies. Bureaucracies tend to be leveling institutions. A strong egalitarian philosophy implies extensive regulation of individuals by law (because equality of condition does not come about naturally) and a depreciation of the value of democratic processes.

If equality is the ultimate and most profound political good, there is really very little to vote about. Only a society with a profusion of competing values, all regarded as legitimate, needs to vote. In such a society, there being no way of saying that one outcome is *a priori* better than another, it is the legitimacy of the process that validates the result; not, as in a thoroughly egalitarian society, the morality of the result that validates the process. There is thus a built-in tension between the ideal of equality of condition and the ideal of democracy. That tension is not merely philosophical, which is how it has just been stated, but exists as well at the level of practical governance.

A modern society whose predominant value is equality necessarily displays three related symptoms: a strong sense of guilt; a consequent feeling of personal insecurity; and, as a direct result of the first two, the spread of an oppressive and excessive legalism throughout the social body.

A society whose morality is egalitarian but whose structure is inevitably hierarchical, a society that feels there are unjustifiable inequalities throughout its social, political, and economic order, is a society that feels guilty. It may seem odd that people who understand that a complex, vital society is necessarily hierarchical can simultaneously feel that the existence of hierarchies is somehow immoral. Yet it is plain that many of us do feel that way. Bad social conscience is taught to the young as dogma. Randall Jar-

rell wrote of a fictional but not untypical New England college that could have carved on an administration building: *Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you feel guilty*. In certain academic circles, with which I was once familiar, a sense of guilt became as essential to good standing as proper manners used to be.

It is also true that at a time when we have achieved greater personal security than ever before in recorded history, we have become increasingly anxious. The demand that all should be insulated from risk is an egalitarian response to the prospect of varying individual fortunes.

SECURITY has become a religion. We demand it not only from government but from schools and employers, we demand it not only from major catastrophe but from minor inconvenience; not only, to take health plans as an example, from the financial disaster of major surgery and prolonged hospitalization but also from having to pay for a medical checkup—and we demand it as a right. David Riesman's picture of university students some forty years ago seems a passingly accurate description of our society now.

Riesman had his students read about the cultures of the Pueblo and Kwakiutl Indians, and asked which most closely resembled the culture of the United States. The Pueblo were described as a peaceable, cooperative, relatively unemotional society, in which no one wishes to be thought a great man and everyone wishes to be thought a good fellow. Kwakiutl society, on the other hand, was pictured as intensely rivalrous, marked by conspicuous consumption, competition for status, and power drives. The great majority of the students questioned saw American society as essentially Kwakiutl.

Only modern liberalism, which was on the way when Riesman's students responded, could persuade anyone that our relatively safe and cooperative society is actually egomaniacal and ruthless. The students made their assessment before the violence of the underclass had exploded. People who regard mainstream American culture as comparable to Kwakiutl are obviously highly insecure.

A society whose members feel insecure and guilty seeks the antidotes of security and expiation by trying to legislate equality. Our legislatures, our bureaucracies, and our courts are attempting to guarantee every right, major or minor or merely symbolic, that people think they ought ideally to possess. There is no reason to suppose that we will achieve equality of condition. We will not. In saying that we are necessarily a hierarchical society, I mean simply to state the obvious: any big, complex society must depend upon differential rewards of some kind to operate effectively. There is, as has been remarked, a "natural tyranny of the bell-shaped curve" in the distribution of the world's goods. Because of the inefficiency the effort to achieve equality imposes, it may, as in Communist countries, result in everybody having less, but what there is will still be distributed unequally.

But the enormous profusion of egalitarian regulations is incompatible with democratic processes in still another way. As government spreads, bureaucracies get beyond the power of the elected representatives to control. Gov-

ernment is too big, too complicated, there are too many decisions continually to be made. The staffs of both the President and Congress have been so enlarged in the effort to cope with the workload that both institutions have become bureaucratized.

Democratic processes become increasingly irrelevant. And there is increasing acceptance of this condition, in part because egalitarians do not care greatly about process. That is why they prefer an activist Supreme Court as a means of displacing democratic choice by moral principle. That was the reason for the Equal Rights Amendment, which provided that it should be primarily the function of the judiciary to define and enforce equality between the sexes. The amendment, we were assured, did not mean that no distinctions whatever may be made between men and women, that women must, for instance, be conscripted for combat duty or that unisex bathrooms are required. Yet it was proposed that the Supreme Court rather than Congress or the state legislatures make the necessary detailed and sensitive political choices to write a gender code for the nation. In that sense, the amendment represented less a revolution in sexual equality than a revolution in our attitudes about constitutional methods of government.

This episode is characteristic. When a controversial proposition is put to the nation for an up-or-down vote, an effective political leader—like Phyllis Schlafly, in the case of the ERA—can rally the electorate and their representatives to stop a departure from democratic governance. But the issue is rarely put that way. There was nothing Mrs. Schlafly or anyone else could do to stop the judicial enactment of the ERA (through new interpretations of the Equal Protection clause) or the judicial approval of homosexual marriages. The political rejection of the ERA by the American people hardly seems to have mattered to how we are governed in the matter. Still less is it possible to mount effective opposition across the board to myriad bureaucratic usurpations of democratic control. With scores of agencies all churning out regulations, it is apparent that the bureaucracies make most of the law by which we are governed. Regulations issued in 1994 took up nearly 65,000 pages in the *Federal Register*; in 1995, the number was 67,518.

It is true that Congress can alter the decisions made by bureaucracies, but that is by no means an adequate answer. So much law is made by bureaucracies that no legislature can focus on more than a small fraction of the choices made. Moreover, the bureaucracies develop rather small but intense constituencies, which often have more political influence than an electorate aggrieved by the total amount of regulation but rarely unified in opposition to any one regulation.

The prospect, then, is the increasing irrelevance of democratic government. What replaces it is bureaucratic and judicial government, which may be benign and well intentioned, and may respond somewhat to popular desires, though by no means always, but cannot by definition be democratic.

Tocqueville, it will be remembered, warned of a soft form of despotism that would suffuse society with small

complicated rules that would soften and guide the will of man to acceptance of a "servitude of the regular, quiet, and gentle kind." That, he saw, was not at all incompatible with the sovereignty of the people; it is just that sovereignty, the ability to elect representatives from time to time, becomes less and less important.

It does not seem far-fetched to think there may be a connection between the rise of egalitarian bureaucracies, the proliferation of "small complicated rules," our sense of guilt, the paramountcy of security among our domestic gods, and the symptoms of enervation and loss of self-confidence that seem to afflict all Western democracies, in domestic matters as well as international. That there is a decline in self-confidence seems plain. It takes confidence in your values to punish for crime, and yet punishment rates in the United States and all of the Western world have declined even as crime rates soared. It takes assurance to enforce community standards of behavior, but, though most of us do not like the fact, pornography has become a national plague.

If there is a connection, as seems highly likely, then something very ominous and perhaps irreversible is happening to us as a people and as a community. It is disturbing in many respects but in none more so than in relation to the prospects for democratic government. A people without energy and self-confidence runs a greater risk of tyranny, albeit of the soft variety.

This does not necessarily suggest that the relatively mild and well-intentioned, though insistent, reign of the bureaucracies will be stable. If it is true that bureaucratic

*That kind of society—anxious,
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egalitarianism suffocates the spirit and weakens the morale and self-confidence of the community while it saps the strength of intermediate institutions, then it leaves society as an aggregation of individual particles ranged against the state. That kind of society—anxious, insecure, irritated, bored, the people an undifferentiated mass—may perhaps more easily be swept by mass movements joined to populist rhetoric and transcendental principles. Such movements create excitement and a sense of purpose; they promise the restoration of the lost but longed-for sense of community. In a word, a society so reduced is more vulnerable to one or another form of authoritarianism.

Rule of Non-Law

THE first time I heard Judge Bork speak was at the Philadelphia Society in 1987. He was like a Hebrew prophet excoriating a faithless band of rulers, the judges who had perverted our Constitution. But he held out hope, in the wave of conservative legal theorists even then rising in the academy and on the bench. Nine years later, Judge Bork's essay above implies that it may take divine intervention to save our country.

Something very like that was the consensus of this year's Philadelphia Society meeting. The theme was "Is There Still a Legal Order?" and the short answer was: No. The longer answers explored the many ways in which our current jurisprudence is a through-the-looking-glass distortion of traditional Anglo-American legal theory and practice.

Lawyer jokes are nothing new—

Miss Bridges, NR's managing editor, is co-author of The Art of Persuasion.

Shakespeare gave Dick the Butcher the line, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers"—but the theory used to be, as Father Robert Sirico reminded us, that legal proceedings were in some sense a search for truth.

While that search was never disinterested—a lawyer, having accepted a case, was bound to do his best even for a guilty client—the assumption was that the truth would out. But today, Judge Stephen Markman pointed out, the legal establishment says quite openly that it cares not about the truth, but about "procedural safeguards." If the arresting policeman made the slightest slip in collecting evidence, the evidence is withheld from the jury: "The fact-finder [in a trial] must be misled concerning the facts." Worse yet, Professor David Forte remarked, is the corrupting effect on the police: "Police lie all the time, and they lie because the truth is not available to them." The one good thing Judge Markman saw in the O. J. Simpson trial

is that the corruption of the criminal-justice system was exposed to public view, "and the American people did not like what they saw."

A parallel corruption has taken place in civil law. By now it is not only conservatives and insurance executives who complain about the huge awards given to plaintiffs. But the problem goes much deeper than that, Professor Michael Krauss explained. It is that human beings are no longer regarded as moral agents in American law. Tort and contract law used to be the "twin pillars" of the "private ordering" of affairs, with government merely providing a framework within which people could make their own agreements and settle their disputes. Now, however, the courts have transmuted both tort and contract law from a framework for private ordering into a vehicle of public policy. If an injury has occurred, the courts have decided, someone with deep pockets must be held responsible. The idea that someone who the court agrees acted blamelessly could nonetheless be held liable would have seemed to our ancestors not merely a perversion of justice but an impossibility; and yet that is what happens in virtually all successful product-liability suits. Likewise, a contract is no longer a

Perversely enough, the spread of secondary and higher education, along with the extension of the suffrage, has reinforced these trends. The complexity of institutions and relationships in our society was never well understood, and the freedom and power of those institutions and relationships rested in no small measure on an unreasoned, awed acceptance of them. The spread of education, particularly university education, has served to decrease that awe without increasing, in the same proportions, the reality of understanding. We are left unhappily in between; respect founded in ignorance is lost but is not fully replaced with respect founded in sophistication.

Democratic government requires something that democratic government has badly damaged in the past half century and continues to damage today—civil society. By that is meant the institutions that serve public (as well as private) purposes but are not government—neighborhoods, families, churches, and voluntary associations, to name the ones discussed by Peter L. Berger and Richard John Neuhaus in their influential pamphlet *To Empower People*. What we are talking about is institutions that shape and maintain values; the bridge club is not on the list. These are also institutions that assist people who need assistance, giving charity or advice or consolation or companionship.

One of the most important aspects of these institu-

tions—Berger and Neuhaus call them “mediating structures”; Robert Nisbet calls them “intermediate associations”—is that they stand as buffers between the individual and the state. They do that, in part, by performing functions for individuals that the state would otherwise perform. The difficulty is that, ever since the New Deal, the state has increasingly ousted the institutions of civil society and taken over their functions or controlled them.

It is proposed to attempt to restore these intermediate institutions, but it may be quite difficult to do so. In the first place, if government attempts the restoration, the result is likely to be more bureaucratic interference and hence damage to civil society. In the second place, churches are among the most important of the intermediate institutions and should lead in the restoration of other institutions and in the maintenance of values. The difficulty is that if government were to try to cooperate with or assist churches in their efforts, the courts, which have made a mess of the religion clauses of the Constitution, might well intervene to stop the effort.

Modern liberals will continue to try to govern through the judiciary and the bureaucracies. To the degree they have already succeeded, democratic government has not survived. As the behavior of modern liberal politicians, the courts, and the bureaucrats demonstrates, they have no intention of relinquishing any of their power to the popular will. □

contract if one party wants out, and if the contract contravenes the judiciary's current social thinking.

This is partly, Judge Markman summarized, a matter of government taking on “frivolous responsibilities” (such as micromanaging “diversity”) and neglecting its real ones (such as protecting law-abiding people from criminals); and we see another, vivid manifestation in the field of constitutional law. In short, as Michael Uhlmann of the Ethics and Public Policy Center put it, the Supreme Court has been transmogrified from an institution meant to limit the activity of government into one taking control of “the minutest details of human life.”

And totally without warrant. Lino Graglia made a point that he has also made in these pages: Constitutional law as it is taught and practiced today has nothing to do with the Constitution. It is derived almost entirely “from four words of one clause of one amendment”: “due process” and “equal protection.” And you can bet, he added, that the Justices “do not reach their decisions by pondering those four words.” As a result of the public policies that they impose in the course of their “interpretation,” Professor Ellis Sandoz added, we should be “less worried about

whether we have a Constitution than about whether we have a country.” “Civic consciousness” is not faring well in today's society, where group is set against group and every wrong is thought to have a government-imposed remedy.

However, Roger Pilon of the Cato Institute took issue with the view expressed by Professor Graglia that our representative institutions would govern more in accordance with the Constitution if the courts could be stopped from interfering. It was not the courts, Mr. Pilon reminded us, but the President and the Congress that—in the Progressive Era, in the New Deal, in the Great Society, and even under Republican Administrations since then—have given us the welfare state. (Mr. Pilon suggested that the Supreme Court has actually been far too restrained: it should be striking down any act of Congress that is not explicitly permitted by Article I of the Constitution.)

Another point of disagreement was over the extent to which natural law should be brought into the discussion. Forrest McDonald pointed out that through the many centuries of Western Civilization, it is only recently that anyone has argued against the notion of the *jus gentium*—the “assumption that there

is a concept of what is right, and that the rational person has the ability to discover what this is.” (Even our cultural elites, while arguing against an “imposed morality,” are busily imposing a counter-morality of their own.) But invoking a higher law—whether in terms of the *jus gentium* or of natural law—has its risks, as Stan Evans put it, for Justices Brennan and Douglas would have said that *they* were applying a higher law.

But sometimes, David Forte called, they don't even bother to do that. In *Roe v. Wade*, “the *only* legitimacy Justice Blackmun asserted for the creation of that new right was that, in his words, ‘The members of the Court *feel* it is a liberty of the Fourteenth Amendment.’” Blackmun, like so many other post-New Deal Justices, had “forgotten the difference between authority and power.” Authority “limits the exercise of power to only those who have the legitimate right to exercise it.”

What can be done to recall judges to a recognition of that difference?

Work to elect Republicans who will appoint and confirm better judges, suggested Ed Meese.

“Prayer and fasting,” suggested Mike Uhlmann.

—LINDA BRIDGES

Conventional Wisdom

Bob Dole's masterly vice-presidential pick has rejuvenated his campaign. But a rocky road may lie ahead.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IT ALL began with Buckley's column," said Jack Kemp at the NATIONAL REVIEW-GOPAC party on Monday night of convention week in San Diego. The column he was referring to, "The Kemp Manifesto," had run on June 21. In it, Buckley called on Bob Dole to adopt some suggestions on welfare and economics that Kemp had made in an essay in the *Wall Street Journal*. But Buckley ended by proposing "a second, equally exciting move": that Dole "name Jack Kemp as vice-presidential candidate."

WFB has recommended running-mates before, not always with success: in 1964 he advised Barry Goldwater to tap former President Dwight Eisenhower. This June, offering Kemp as Dole's running-mate seemed scarcely more likely. By now, all the newspapers in America have replayed the long volley of gibes between the two men, going back to the intraparty supply-side wars of the early Eighties: quarterbacks playing without helmets; the fire in Dole's library; the bus that went over the cliff. Dole had made a rapprochement of sorts last year when he and Newt Gingrich picked Kemp to chair a party commission on tax reform (or was it a sop?). Then Kemp seemed to blow it all sky high this spring with his last-minute endorsement of Steve Forbes, on the eve of the New York primary. On top of their policy and political quarrels, Kemp and Dole looked at each other across a gulf of temperament. On the plains

where he came from, Dole would say in his acceptance speech, "a man is very small—and if he thinks otherwise, he is wrong." In the locker rooms where he came from, Kemp used to say and has been saying ever since: "Be a leader!"

By 1996 Kemp was estranged not only from the pragmatic Dole but from the conservative movement. His years as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development were marked by questionable policy and effusive rhetoric. Meanwhile, the article of Eighties orthodoxy to which he remained conspicuously faithful—tax-rate cuts—was being abandoned by the deficit hawks of the 104th Congress. In July, Kemp told Gingrich at a dinner that no one in the GOP was listening to him any more.

So adrift was Jack French Kemp that,

just before San Diego, he called California Attorney General Dan Lungren and asked if the Lungrens wanted to have dinner with the Kemps Wednesday of convention week. Kemp had no plans.

Then the call came, and for the next ten weeks at least, Kemp's life will be entirely planned. It was the Great Gatsby meets the Grand Old Party. Kemp had decided not to run for the presidential nomination in this cycle because he dislikes raising money. Now, without raising a dime, he had landed the nomination next door. A man who at the age of 61 had seen his career run deep down into the ground, found himself raised up, not by a loyal friend, but by an old enemy. Who says there are no second acts in American lives?

Kemp's acceptance speech was fine cheerleading, and classic Kemp. Time has whitened his thatch and thickened his waist, but he still clatters the way he did in 1978. There was inclusiveness: "From the boroughs of New York to the barrios of California, we're not going to leave anyone out of this campaign. . . . Our appeal of boundless opportunity crosses every barrier of geography, race, and belief. [By definition, since it is boundless.]" Tablet-keeping: "Communism came down, not because it fell, but because he pushed it. Thank you, Ronald Reagan." Capitalist theology: "In our work . . . we discover that part within ourselves that is divine. . . . Growth and opportunity . . . advance human dignity." Problems: The economy "is moving like a ship dragging an anchor." Solutions: We will "cut the capital-gains tax in half and not apologize for it." Optimism: "Ameri-



Mr. Brookhiser, an NR senior editor, is the author most recently of *Founding Father*.

cans do not accept limits. We transcend limits." More optimism: "It is 1776 all over the world." Bob Dole, by the conclusion of his own acceptance speech, had brought himself to assert that he was "the most optimistic man in America." Think otherwise—there is at least one man ahead of him.

We can assume that two Republicans in San Diego were secretly displeased with the Kemp pick, not so much for 1996 as for 2000. One would be Pat Buchanan. As several of his supporters reminded me—more in sorrow, it must be said, than in anger—Kemp had announced back in February, when Buchanan was riding high, that he could not support a ticket headed by Pat. Buchanan has endorsed the Dole-Kemp ticket now. But he has been calling Kempery "Big Rock Candy Mountain" conservatism since the late Eighties. If Kemp should get the top spot in 2000, Buchanan will have ample reason to walk. The other future malcontent would be Colin Powell. In one stroke, Kemp's eager acceptance of Dole's offer made the much-wooed general's unwillingness to take the same slot seem like irrelevant shillying. Kemp is the Happy Warrior, Powell has become the Smug Noncombatant.

If Dole calculated that picking Kemp would give him a lift, he calculated right. It was more than just a charisma transplant, or an age balance (Kemp is only 12 years younger than Dole, but he will seem youthful if he lives to be 100). It was a statement, by Dole, of his own intentions. The Kemp pick showed that Dole's tax plan, unveiled days earlier, was a serious thrust, not a feint. Dole had decided to put his eggs in the basket of supply-side economics. Enemies could charge him with inconsistency. Supporters could say that he displayed a Majority Leader's knack for sensing political realities. Whatever the reason, the tax plan and running-mate together brought the party into alignment like a magnet under a paper covered with iron filings. Without the one-two punch, the whole convention, from the Powell speech, to Mrs. Dole's walkabout, to the endless parade of the lame and the halt, to Mark Helprin's well-chosen words, would have seemed a lot more patched-up than it did.

What about other issues? Abortion was hardly mentioned in San Diego. But Kemp has been pro-life all his career, and he raised the issue himself two days after the convention ended at a

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rally in Pittsburgh. "Wherever you stand on the issue of abortion . . . I can't imagine our nation being that city on a hill if we continue to allow the partial-birth abortion tragedy in the United States of America. We're not out to preach. We're out to persuade the

*The Kemp pick
showed that Dole's tax
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not a feint*

American people there is something at stake here . . ." Focusing on partial-birth abortions stops well short of the GOP's call for a right-to-life amendment, of course. But that hasn't gone anywhere for 16 years. Maybe it's time for pro-lifers to try salami tactics.

Two issues that have come to the fore since Kemp rose to prominence have been harder to finesse. In 1994 the California ballot contained Proposition 187, the initiative which sought to deny a variety of public benefits to illegal aliens. Kemp campaigned against it, both before and after it passed. "In my view, that is not what America is all about. . . . I'm speaking from the heart, not politically." No kidding. On convention Tuesday, the *Los Angeles Times* ran a blunt letter, signed by Thomas P. Logan, treasurer of the Concerned Citizens Committee, arguing that Dole's selection of Kemp "cost him any chance of winning California. . . . Kemp's open opposition to Prop. 187 . . . is still fresh in the minds of many California voters." The next day, a more political Kemp told a meeting of the California delegation that "we have the right to have a sovereign border. We must close the door of illegal immigration so we can keep the front door of legal immigration open." Does "sovereign border" mean denying benefits? Kemp has said yes, though he has also said he does not want to turn California "into a police state." In any case, he disagrees with Dole's desire, expressed in Congress if not on the campaign trail, to lower legal immigration.

Kemp has also urged Republicans in recent years not to make affirmative

action a warhead issue, lest it give the appearance of racial politicking. So the Kemp pick seemed at first to be a blow to supporters of the California Civil Rights Initiative, or Proposition 209. But Kemp told the California delegation, in the same appearance in which he endorsed border sovereignty, that "we've got to bring this country together. We can't be divided by class, as the Clinton Administration [and] race-based quotas do." Meanwhile, Ward Connerly, chairman of the drive for CCRI, said he had been talking with Kemp "for about five months. He has always said he is opposed to quotas and preferences. We had to make the case that there were quotas and preferences" in California.

Kemp's fundamental problem was evident in the very *Wall Street Journal* essay which Buckley praised. In it, Kemp called for indexing the capital-gains law, and tying the dollar to a somewhat elastic gold standard. In return for these reforms, he suggested that the Republicans abandon attempts to change welfare. No more wrangles over poverty or taxes; the rising tide will float us all. Kemp ignores, or rejects, the arguments that the welfare

system is personally crippling—that it creates a trap which incentives, however rich, fail to lure people from.

And so on, almost down the line. Kemp seems incapable of realizing how hard citizenship, civilization, life itself can be. The comment that it is 1776 "all over the world" is a fantasy. It could only have been made by someone with no grasp of what a damned close-run thing 1776 was right here: not so much because of enemy power, as because of our own fecklessness, rigidity, sloth. Growth, opportunity, and work are not the only measures of dignity or divinity. In order for opportunity to flourish, it has to be sustained by a web of habits, prohibitions, and prejudices. These in turn always require the support of custom, sometimes of law. When it is a question of the right to life, Kemp sees the need for something beyond the growth mantra (why not support partial-birth abortions, like that good tax-cutter, Gov. Christine Whitman?). On other questions, he is too busy being optimistic.

Optimism isn't sufficient, but it's necessary, and the Dole campaign wasn't showing much until it brought Kemp aboard. We're in for a lively ride. □

Dues and Don'ts

*Union officials are illegally compelling members
to support candidates they oppose.*

REED LARSON

AS it does every four years, Labor Day this year will mark not only the traditional end of summer, but also the beginning of the stretch run in the races for Congress and the Presidency.

For millions of American workers, however, the usual Labor Day mix of picnics and politics will offer little cause

for celebration, as union officials dig into the pockets of union members to support candidates many of the members personally oppose.

Union involvement in politics is nothing new. According to reports filed with the Federal Election Commission, union officials admit that their political-action committees spent some \$95 million on politics in 1992. In testimony to the House Oversight Committee this spring, Professor Leo Troy of Rutgers University estimated that "in-kind expenditures—for phone banks, mailings, get-out-the-vote efforts, and the like—could reasonably be a multiple of three to five times" the reported \$95 million.

In years past, union officials vigorous-

Mr. Larson is president of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which provides free legal assistance to workers whose rights have been violated by forced union membership. Workers wanting more information on their rights under the Beck decision can call the foundation's toll-free hotline at 1-888-789-4255.

ly denied using dues money for political expenditures. But earlier this year organized labor changed tactics when AFL-CIO President John Sweeney announced that the giant union federation would levy a "per-capita" assessment on each of its affiliate unions to raise an extra \$35 million for a campaign targeting 75 House members, mostly GOP freshmen.

Rank-and-file union members are given no choice: most unions will levy the special assessment even though opinion polls show that at least 40 per cent of union members typically vote for Republican candidates for federal office.

In law, union members cannot be compelled to pay the assessment. They don't have to allow union officials to use their money for politics. However, most union members don't know this. And there appears to be a conspiracy between organized labor and the government to keep them in the dark.

Under the 1988 Supreme Court decision in *Beck v. Communication Workers of America*—a case brought by the Na-

tional Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation on behalf of Maryland telephone-company worker Harry Beck—union members can be required to pay only dues and fees which are directly related to the costs of collective bargaining and contract administration, not those which underwrite the political and lobbying activities of organized labor.

Late in his Administration, President Bush finally issued an Executive Order requiring federal contractors to post notices in their workplaces informing employees of their rights under the *Beck* decision. One of the first actions of the new Clinton Administration, however, was to order the signs taken down.

Clinton Administration officials are now carrying this cover-up one step further. In March of this year, the general counsel of the National Labor Relations Board charged a Pennsylvania company—whose employees are represented by Sweeney's union—with breaking the law because the company attempted to inform its employees of their rights under *Beck*.

The NLRB complaint probably won't

be acted on until after the election. But it already has had a chilling effect, by blacking out a source of information to employees about their rights under the decision. Only union officials, the NLRB's general counsel found, should have the "privilege" of informing workers of their rights.

Unfortunately, the union officials entrusted with this privilege are the same officials who are dishonestly docking the pay of union members to support the AFL-CIO's political slush fund.

Both Bill Clinton and Bob Dole will make the round of Labor Day picnics, as will candidates for the House and Senate. All will talk about the contributions the working men and women of America have made to our country.

This year, however, the word "contribution" will take on a different meaning as union members are forced to pay a \$35-million "assessment" for political campaigns many of them oppose.

No American who values political freedom should be pleased with this outrageous turn of events. □

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Politics Is Job #1

*By providing major funding to radical groups,
the Ford Foundation is attacking American democracy.*

GEORGIE ANNE GEYER

IN THE early 1980s I met with two officials from a major and supposedly representative "Hispanic" group, the National Council of La Raza. After discussing the question of illegal immigration at their request for a while, I thought to ask them more about their group.

"How many members do you have?" I asked, interested in the structure and funding—and thus real power—of their organization. To my surprise, the two young men just looked at each other, shrugging without embarrassment.

"Well, we don't *have* members," one of them responded simply.

I was, frankly, a little taken aback: "You don't have members? But how do you fund and support yourself?"

The two smiled as though they had not a care in the world, as indeed, financially, they hadn't. To promote their programs, they needed no elections, no campaign strategies, and no bothersome fund-raising or member-seeking. They were accountable neither to disparate sources of funding nor to the fickle interests of individuals.

"The Ford Foundation!" they answered, almost in unison. They proceeded to explain that Ford and other foundations had been looking for Latino groups to fund because they had determined that "the real problem was that they didn't have the kind of mediating community-based organizations and institutions in the Latino community [as in the more traditional American communities]."

Indeed, of a total 1989 revenue of \$3,553,606, La Raza received direct support of \$2,562,224 and government grants of \$991,382. Direct support included \$590,000 from the Ford Foundation, \$200,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation, and \$75,000 each from the

PEW and Mott Foundations. (And if we look at other years, we see that Ford Foundation grants to La Raza went from \$630,000 in 1968 to a low of \$150,000 in 1971 to \$830,000 in 1988 to a whopping \$1,250,000 in 1991.) The following government agencies also contributed in 1989: the Department of Health and Human Services, \$321,083; the Department of Labor, \$188,150; the Small Business Administration, \$176,164; and the Department of Education, \$142,649.

Richard Estrada of the *Dallas Morning News* wrote last year: "We should remember that for all the media attention devoted to organizations such as La Raza . . . [they] depend largely on liberal foundations, huge corporations, or other organizations for their financial support—but not on the Hispanic rank and file."

The "ethnic representation" that these organizations engage in basically aims at replacing the rights and duties of citizenship with rights and privileges based upon one's ethnic background (real or imagined). These new-style organizations are the ones leading the fight against stronger tests for citizenship, for unrestricted immigration, and for the weakening of linguistic unity.

With assets in excess of \$4 billion, the Ford Foundation is the leading funder of such advocacy groups. By the late 1980s, grants were pouring out of the foundation at the rate of approximately \$100,000 per working hour, amounting to \$175 million per year.

The Ford Foundation was not always the way it is now. When the original Henry Ford and his son Edsel started the foundation in 1936 with an initial gift of \$25,000, it was involved almost exclusively in traditional Ford family philanthropies. But in time, the foundation began championing causes substantially at odds with the very system that had spawned it. Ford played the leading role in founding La Raza and the other Hispanic organizations. Even the leftist

magazine *Ramparts*, writing about Hispanic interest groups in 1970 and comparing them to the U.S. invasion of Mexico in 1846, comments: "There has been a new invasion of the Southwest. This time, it is the Ford Foundation, not the U.S. Army, and it is backed by dollars, not soldiers." By the 1980s, almost every major political and legal opponent of immigration reform other than business organizations and agricultural workers was receiving money from Ford.

None of this was done at dead of night. Indeed, the foundation activists were proud of themselves. "Hispanics: Challenges and Opportunities," a 1984 Ford working paper, notes the foundation's new civil-rights-oriented approach to Hispanic groups: "The old approach is no longer sufficient. What Hispanics have need of today is what blacks needed 25 years ago: greater knowledge and understanding of their

*Even Ramparts wrote:
'There has been a new
invasion of the
Southwest. This time,
it is the Ford
Foundation, not the
U.S. Army'*

economic, social, and political situation and of the roots of their disadvantage, and the development of an infrastructure that will increase their participation in the mainstream of society."

Now, there were proven and effective ways for immigrants to get ahead, integrate, and assimilate—through jobs, through entrepreneurship, helped along by moral appeals to that American sense of justice and decency that had been reawakened and sharpened by the civil-rights fight. But, partly out of sincere conviction, and partly out of the cynical self-interest of activists and organizers who had no wish to become obsolete, the techniques and passions of the civil-rights battle were projected onto other groups. As Peter Skerry, author of *Mexican-Americans: The Ambivalent Minority*, has written, this produced perverse dynamics: "In today's post-civil-rights political culture, many groups have

This article is adapted from the forthcoming Americans No More. Copyright © 1996 by Georgie Anne Geyer. Reprinted by permission of Atlantic Monthly Press.

enormous incentives to depict themselves as suffering some version of the racial oppression experienced historically by blacks."

This produced, he argues, the kind of "patron-recipient politics which fosters the political equivalent of welfare dependency." An assertive governmental role was encouraged on all levels to protect the needs of various "groups" ranging from "African-Americans" to Hispanics, homosexuals, and women.

Under this dispensation, any Mexican or other Latin American—or, soon, any South Korean, Pole, or Vietnamese—who voluntarily left his homeland and traveled to the United States was considered qualified to receive "compensation" or "benefits" from this country. This concerned more than immigration; it was an assault on the historical independence of the American citizen. Indeed, it was part of an assault on majoritarianism itself—the rule of the majority, which had always protected and defined American citizenship. And all this was underlaid by the new "philosophy" of group rights under the rubric of multiculturalism.

What really is multiculturalism? Does it mean that every *campesino* who crosses the Rio Grande carries Gabriel García Márquez's classic works in his head? Does it mean that our colleges and universities are now truly enriched by the magnificent writings of other cultures? The Indian Upanishads, perhaps? Confucius's Analects?

The answer, of course, is: No. Multiculturalism, as it is understood in the academic and organizational worlds today, symbolizes no less than a fundamental change in our birthright. Every tenet underlying the actions of the "multiculturalists" is really saying that cultural differences between people are in the blood—in *la raza*. The multiculturalists are talking about becoming citizens not of America, but of ethnic and other interest groups. Multiculturalism thus finally becomes nothing less than an *alternative to citizenship*.

One of the most dramatic examples of the power of this new political bonding and its corrosive effect on America is MALDEF, the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Educational Fund. MALDEF has had a turbulent history and an energetic and determined leadership, but it too was always a creature of the Ford Foundation. In 1990, grants from Ford were \$1,575,000, up from \$425,000 in 1977 and \$233,600 in

1983. MALDEF, the strongest institutional expression of the "racial minority view" of Mexican-Americans, has also received help from a handful of other major foundations, corporate sponsors, and the Federal Government. But during the Eighties and Nineties, from one-third to almost half of the organization's total annual revenues came from Ford alone.

MALDEF was founded in 1968, the same year it received start-up funding from Ford. Soon MALDEF was arguing the case for free education for Hispanic children in America, regardless of citizenship or even citizenship-intent. Borrowing directly from the litigational tactics of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—especially *Brown v. Board of Education*—MALDEF launched its own test case, the 1982 *Plyer v. Doe*. In *Plyer*, the Supreme Court was persuaded to guarantee public education to illegal-alien children.

A parallel MALDEF effort in the political arena obtained the bilingual voting amendments of 1975. Also in the area of voting rights, MALDEF was behind the redrawing of political districts in order to give minorities—Hispanics, Koreans, et al.—more electoral power.

It was MALDEF that waged the battle against immigration reform throughout the 1980s—with little support from the grassroots, and often over outright opposition. In fact, illegal immigrants were pleading with MALDEF to support one reform—the amnesty provision—because it would give them the right to apply to become citizens.

Every significant poll of American Hispanics has shown clearly that on issues related to American citizenship—

whether illegal immigration, bilingual education, or belief in the unifying force of English—the Hispanic-American community is unreservedly American. In fact, the Roper poll of 1985 found that 91 per cent of Hispanic-Americans were in favor of stopping all illegal entries and that 77 per cent wanted to reduce the quotas for legal immigration.

Still more revealing was the 1993 Latino National Political Survey, ironically funded by the Ford Foundation. This comprehensive poll of Hispanic-American attitudes found that 80 per cent of Puerto Ricans, 75 per cent of Mexican-Americans, and 66 per cent of Cuban-Americans wanted to reduce immigration to the United States. Most consider themselves moderate to conservative ideologically. An even bigger shocker was the fact that fully 90 per cent of those interviewed said that none of the ethnic organizations represented them or their ideas. Most of those polled spoke English better than Spanish and thought newcomers should use English.

IN FACT there *is* no "Hispanic" community in the United States. There are Mexican-Americans, Cuban-Americans, Puerto Ricans, Spanish-Americans, and the aristocratic descendants of settlers in the Southwest who were awarded land grants by the Spanish Crown. Most are, or wish to be, Americans speaking English.

This would be unsettling news for the Ford Foundation, which has, after all, fostered an Hispanic ethnic consciousness inside the United States. Fortunately it had funded another study, begun in 1987 and completed in 1993, which examined 1) how high immigration transforms communities and 2) the effectiveness of various attempts to mold "inter-ethnic relations." At a press conference in 1993, Robert Bach, a radical multiculturalist and principal author of the 72-page *Changing Relations: Newcomers and Established Residents in U.S. Communities*, concluded there were only infrequent "dramatic episodes of violent conflict" but that relations between natives and newcomers were damaged by competition, tensions—with the use of different languages being the worst "single source of contact."

So what did the foundation people conclude? After noting a "diminution of living standards for many . . . class polarization and . . . widening differences

(Continues on page 72)



"I can't sleep, Howard. Read me more of your campaign promises."



THE VICE PRESIDENT WASHINGTON

August 27, 1996

Dear Rusty,

We're back!

Back on the campaign, back on the Big Bus, back doing what we do best: talking in outdoor settings and appearing in television commercials!

I'm sitting in my hotel suite at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, I've eaten all the raisins out of the mini-bar, and I'm working on my speech to the convention. Everyone's expecting a real Gore-style barnburner, and I can't let them down. In the middle section of my speech, around page 73, I'm going to try to get the convention hall going in a big chant: "2.3% Reduction in CAF Standards for the Year 2000!" And later: "We turned back the clock on topsoil erosion!"

Get ready to stamp your feet!

Tipper's asleep on my shoulder. She's been helping me edit my remarks all night—what a trouper! Since I've got to get the preliminary draft over to Dr. Morris by tomorrow morning—something about "fine tuning the code"—I've really got to finish it tonight, and Tip's been very helpful.

Near the end of the speech, around page 137, I take a swipe at Jack Kemp. "The vice-presidential nominee of the other party," I say, "wants to bring us back to the gold standard. And you know what that means. More strip mining!"

Tipper suggested that I cut that part out, but I told her that the American people only fear what they don't understand, and as I went through it with her, she drifted off on my shoulder.

I'm expecting big-time cheers!

This whole campaign has me energized like never before, Rusty. I'm giddy.

First, Bill and I are finally getting to do more stuff together. Rusty, those early days of our administration were great for our friendship. But I've got to admit that as time went on, little things crept in to keep us apart. Our regularly scheduled lunches together—just Bill and me one-on-one—fell by the wayside as gays in the military, Travelgate, Nannygate, the first budget battle, David Gergen, Lloyd Cutler, Whitewater, health care, Haiti, the second budget battle, the 1994 election, Whitewater again, Bosnia, the third budget battle, Whitewater again, China and Taiwan, welfare reform, and Whitewater again kept our respective schedules too tight for our weekly bonding.

Not so these days!

Last weekend, Bill, HRC, Tipper, and I spent some time in Tennessee rebuilding a church, and let me tell you, it was quality time all around. You

don't really know them until you rebuild a church with them, let me tell you. For instance, who would have guessed that HRC is so handy with a nail gun? And even though Bill smashed his own thumb up pretty bad in the first couple of minutes, he spent the rest of the afternoon helping the Gore girls reach up to the ceiling studs.

Plus, we've been spending a lot of time together strategizing the convention. It's in Chicago this year, which makes sense in an Electoral College sort of way, but is a little risky politically. There hasn't been a Democratic National Convention in Chicago since 1968, and I'm not so sure that we want all 400,000 television viewers to be thinking "student protests" and "hippie draft dodgers" as they watch Bill get renominated. I think I may have insulted HRC when I asked her to try to remember exactly where she was all those years ago—I mean, I hate to be the damage-control guy, but if Ted Koppel ever got hold of an old wire photo of the young HRC, all decked out in love beads, flipping some Chicago cop the bird, well, he'd be broadcasting live from Chicago faster than you can say, "How about this for news?"

She acted kind of chilly for a few days after I asked, but I think I was right to bring it up. Lucky for us, Bill did his antiwar protesting in Moscow, where photojournalism wasn't so prevalent.

Other than those few bumps, though, we're cruising to victory in November. Sure, Bob Dole got a "bounce" from his convention. That's because it was a totally scripted affair, designed to project a "tolerant" and "big tent" image of the Republican Party. Dole kept all the pro-life advocates out of sight. Except for him and Jack Kemp, no other pro-lifers spoke; how diverse can a party be when the platform is pro-life, the convention speakers are pro-choice, and the nominees are pro-life? Well, actually, that sounds pretty diverse to me, but you get my point. We're a lot more diverse than they are. I mean, our African-American guy is a socialist. Theirs isn't. And we've got lesbians and gay men and trial lawyers and teachers' unions. Let's face it, Rusty: our tent is the only tent big enough to hold the whole circus.

Gotta go! Dr. Morris is at the door. The next time I write, Rusty, it'll be from the Big Bus!

Your pal, Al

We Give Liberal Catholics High Blood Pressure

For the last two decades, traditional Catholicism has been ascendant, and now it's the dynamic force in the U.S. Catholic Church. Not surprisingly, greying liberal Catholics have been getting uptight and ticked off, and they've been lashing out.

For example, *Commonweal*, that elderly organ of liberal Catholicism with (according to Richard John Neuhaus) an "aging readership," recently devoted its entire back cover to an attempt to ridicule us. We are the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a Catholic magazine of more recent vintage. The gist of the attack was that we're out of touch with "liberal post-Enlightenment culture" and are read by "ostriches."

Commonweal, straining hard to be satirical, asserted that the type of people who write for us include Ralph Cramden, Betty Crocker, and of course Rip Van Winkle; that *Road & Track* has named us "one of the ten top minivans in the American market"; and that "if the pope told Catholics they could only have sex standing on their heads every Tuesday," we'd "look forward to Tuesdays." Gads, is *Commonweal* suffering from dizzy spells, about to have a stroke?

Earlier, *Commonweal* published a letter from a homosexual claiming we "reek of fascism." Ah, that good ole "F" word, so serviceable in the salad days of the 60s!

The *National Catholic Reporter*, always on the

cutting edge of 60s nostalgia, has nonjudgmentally accused us of taking "cheap shots" and being a "poisoned dart," while letter writers in the *Reporter* have sensitively demonized us as "triumphalistic," "abusive," and "vicious."

America, the liberal Jesuit weekly, has deemed our point of view "ugly."

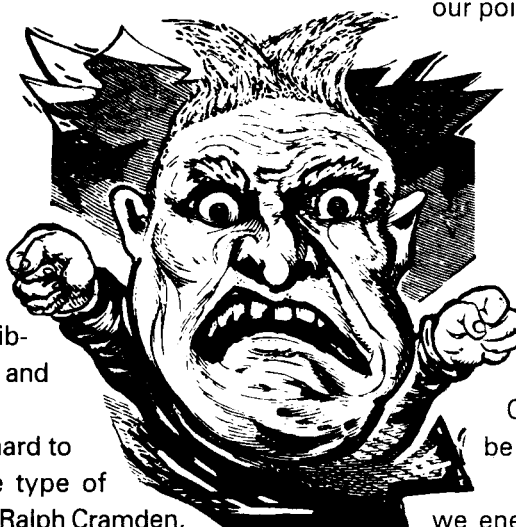
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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Very Noël Coward

MARK STEYN

ON July 4, 1940, Noël Coward sent a telegram to Gertrude Lawrence on the occasion of her wedding to Richard Aldrich: "Dear Mrs. A / Hooray hooray / At last you are deflowered / On this as every other day / I love you, Noël Coward." You'll find it in every book and every revue on the subject and, even though Philip Hoare's biography is by far the most interesting to appear in recent years, you'll find it here, too. It's typical of Coward's wit, at least to this extent: it's about him. In light verse, the jokes are the rhymes, and, if I were the recipient, I'd be a little miffed that he'd chosen not to match "Gertie" with "flirty," or "Lawrence" with "torrents" (more an Ira Gershwin coupling, that one), but to save the big flamboyant rhyme for himself. Were it not my wedding day, when I had other things on my mind, I might resent the fact that, although supposedly a close friend, I appeared to have received some sort of generic insert-name-of-recipient-here witticism from Hallmark's upscale "Very Noël Coward" line.

But that's Coward all over: his bequest is his style. "For the first time

Noël Coward: A Biography, by Philip Hoare (Simon & Schuster, 527 pp., \$30)

since Oscar Wilde," Hoare contends, "a writer's appearance seemed as important as what he wrote." And, of what he wrote, his most enduring legacy, more than the plays, the telegrams, the put-downs, is probably conversational. According to a friend, until *The Vortex*, his stage hit of 1924, "nobody called anyone 'Darling' except as a declaration of love." Today, everyone in show business from Hugh Grant to Zsa Zsa Gabor, as well as a substantial proportion of more general cocktail-party goers, calls everyone else "Dah-ling." Coward himself had been calling everyone "darling"—his mum's lodger, the fishmonger—since his Edwardian boy-

hood in the London suburbs. It's surely not insignificant that, as a writer, his greatest contribution to the language was to strip a word of its passion and intensity and make it a mere unfelt throwaway. For those he *really* liked, he was forced to embellish. Thus, writing



to the last viceroy of the Indian Empire and first governor-general of independent India, Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Coward begins: "Dear dainty Darling . . ."

He created his own persona and then

produced a huge body of work to service it. In any of the many fields in which he intermittently practiced—song-writing, motion pictures, operetta—he's not a major figure, except as a figure. It's Coward himself who seems the very personification of the 'tween-wars theatrical golden age: the dressing gown, the cigarette holder, the balcony, the potency of cheap music. "Had a long think about what I really want to do," he once confided to his diary. "A play for Gertie or me or both, short stories, a book or a musical. Wrote three lyric refrains for *Josephine*, worked at the piano. Suddenly a new and lovely tune appeared. Felt the authentic thrill. All right, the musical it shall be."

Well, that's that settled. He might have done better to concentrate his skills. As a lyricist, for example, he recycles the same few tricks over and over, like rhyming (obtrusively) on the antepenult:

Why must the show go on?

*Why not announce the closing
night of it?*

*The public seem to hate the sight
of it . . .*

It's nigh on impossible to sing this song without sounding like a Coward impersonator. He's often cited as a British Cole Porter, but Porter wrote standards: Sinatra and U2 both sing "Night and Day," Lena Horne and the Pogues have both had a crack at "Just One of Those Things"; all are true to Porter, in their fashion. Coward's songs, like his dialogue, are so bound up with the man—the rolled r's, the clipped delivery—that they defy the continual rearrangement that is the definition of a standard. In melody, harmonic support, and lyric thrust, his songs simply aren't as muscular as those of Porter.

Hoare isn't one for dissection of the songs, apart from frequent bandying of the expression "internal rhyme," a technical effect he doesn't seem fully to understand. Nor does he trouble himself to make the doubtful case for Coward as social historian: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" (which *NR*'s editor recently ruled out as this magazine's signature tune) doesn't say anything except that it's hot, and mad dogs and Englishmen won't go inside.

That's not Hoare's bag. He's a modern, and his acknowledgments include, alarmingly, Neil Tennant—one half of the Pet Shop Boys, whose gay Euro-disco thrashing accompaniment did so

Mr. Steyn is film critic for The Spectator.

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much to revive Liza Minnelli's recording career for about ten minutes a few years back. So we find Hoare describing "Dance, Dance, Dance Little Lady" as "virtually an early rap," a comparison its author would have disdained: there's

*Coward would have
despised a world where
sexuality is something
to march down
Fifth Avenue about*

still a world of difference between "Dance, dance, dance, little lady./ Youth is fleeting to the rhythm beating/ In your mind" and, say, "Yo, bitch! Sit on this." Coward came to fame at a time when popular culture was still literate, and he would surely have deplored the debasement of his craft into a lot of half-baked hoodlum exhibitionism.

But it's best to read this as Hoare's attempt to stake out his own turf in a crowded field. Coward's first, approved biographer was Sheridan Morley, who was forbidden to mention his homosexuality. In the years since Coward's death in 1973, Morley, perhaps a little defensive about his sins of omission, has advanced the theory that the Master was bisexual—mainly on the grounds that, in one adolescent fumble, Gertrude Lawrence vigorously attempted to demonstrate the facts of life to a reluctant Coward. By the same token, I once saw an over-excited dog try to hump Sheridan's leg, but I'd be reluctant to conclude from that that he was into bestiality. Morley did a more convincing heterosexualization in his efficient compilation show *Noël and Gertie*, suggesting that, notwithstanding that he could never love her "in *that* way," this was the most important relationship in his life. In Hoare's version, Miss Lawrence seems peripheral, but not for the reasons you might think.

For it seems Coward was averse to loving anyone in *that* way. According to his friend Esme Wynne, he was "terribly afraid of illness . . . he had said to me, I'd never do anything—well the disgusting thing they do—because I know I could get something wrong with me." Hoare adds that "it was a revulsion against penetrative sex which remained with Coward all his life." But, given the

subsequent fate of so many of his fellow homosexuals, maybe that's not such bad advice. In the Sixties a friend took him to Fire Island, where, despite the adulation, he was uncomfortable. "Thousands of queer young men of all shapes and sizes camping about blatantly and carrying on—in my opinion—appallingly," he said. "I have always been of the opinion that a large group of queer men was unattractive. On Fire Island, it is more than unattractive, it's macabre, sinister, irritating, and somehow tragic." Building to that forlorn and prescient climax, for once the adjectival accumulation works.

Coward would have despised a world where sexuality is something to march down Fifth Avenue about, where surrendering to human weakness is a cause for "pride." His entire life was an exercise in self-discipline, in subordinating everything to what mattered most: just as, during the Great War, he didn't want his career "hampered by the 'unimportant' needs of his country," so he didn't want it hampered by the unimportant needs of his sexual orientation.

The man who emerges in this account is vain, increasingly bitter, and not terribly likable. The most dismal moment is his absurdly theatricalized grief at the death of Miss Lawrence, with a couple of unfortunate visitors press-ganged into "the dignified consolatory parts he had intended they should play." The old line that deep down he was shallow

might have been written for Coward. The best of his comedies illustrate the paradox of his talent: his depth is on the surface; he's only profound when he's being trivial. He may have genuinely believed that *Private Lives* is "the lightest of light comedies," but it endures because in all that glib niggling and quibbling something bleaker can be heard, no matter that it's too close to the bone for the author to recognize.

While loathing this book's slapdash editing, Coward would have appreciated the exhaustive family tree that begins it. In it, Hoare shows that Coward's uncle's sister married the second son of the Earl of Durham; that his great-grandfather's sister's brother-in-law was the African explorer Mungo Park; that his cousin-twice-removed's second husband was Sir Robert Torrens, the first premier of South Australia; and that his aunt's husband's aunt married the great-grandson of the first Lord Spencer, which makes him a cousin by marriage of Diana, Princess of Wales. I hope it would have been a consolation to Coward, who fretted over his origins. Drinking in the cheers during *London's Calling*, he and Miss Lawrence stood in the wings. "That's for us," he said. "The two kids from the suburbs." Only in Britain would an actor, singer, playwright, composer, lyricist, director, producer, poet, and novelist regard it as an achievement to have crawled his way up from the middle classes. □

In the Details . . . What?

JAMES A. SHAPIRO

VANNEVAR Bush had it right. Science is an "endless frontier." The sun replaces the earth at the center of the solar system. Microbiology supplants spontaneous generation. The concept of evolution makes it possible to invoke natural processes as the source of biological diversity. The indivisible atom yields to quantum physics, and relativity stretches Newtonian ideas of space and time out of all recognition.

Into this recurring intellectual revolution arrives Professor Michael J. Behe with the claim that random genetic change, natural selection, and gradual

evolution must move aside in favor of intelligent design as an explanatory paradigm for biological adaptations. Is this book a serious critique of orthodox

Darwin's Black Box: The Biochemical Challenge to Evolution, by Michael J. Behe (Free Press, 292 pp., \$20)

evolutionary theory? Or is it a misguided attempt to bring religion back into biology? Unfortunately, the answer to both questions is yes. *Darwin's Black Box* starts with the promise of taking us in useful new directions, but it ultimately disappoints the serious student of evolution by rehashing sterile disputes.

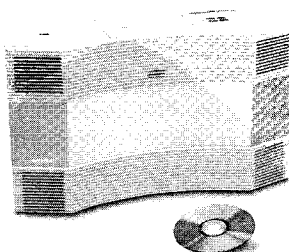
Professor Behe sets three goals in this

Professor Shapiro teaches microbiology at the University of Chicago.

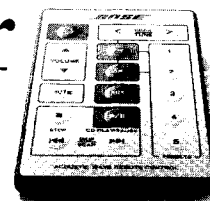
book. The first is to introduce the lay reader to the fascinating world of biochemistry. Professor Behe views this science as uncovering the ultimate secrets of life. He calls cellular molecules "the bedrock of nature. Lower we cannot go . . . the cell—Darwin's black box—stands open." With the unqualified enthusiasm expressed by these statements, he guides the reader through the biochemical intricacies of several adaptive systems, ranging from the defensive artillery of the bombardier beetle to vision, blood clotting, and the immune response. His patient explanations reveal a conscientious teacher.

Professor Behe asserts that any credible evolutionary theory must account for biochemical inventions essential to survival. This assertion brings us to his second goal: to show that the Darwinian conceptual framework cannot explain cellular biochemistry. His basic argument is that each useful adaptation involves a system displaying "irreducible complexity." Irreducibly complex systems comprise multiple interacting components which are not useful in isolation but which are all essential to the function of the system as a whole. A mousetrap serves as the pedagogic paradigm of an irreducibly complex device. Collectively, its pieces serve to entice and ensnare mice. Individually, none of them has any trapping ability. Moreover, a mousetrap deprived of any single component is completely defective. Thus, there is no way a mousetrap could evolve by accumulating separate pieces in a random process because there would be no function to select until all the pieces were present and properly organized to work together.

Compared with mousetraps, biochemical systems are incredibly intricate, as illustrated by the blood-clotting system. Clots are meshworks of one protein, fibrin, whose molecules rapidly link together into a fine web. To prevent inappropriate clotting, fibrin is made as an inactive precursor. Another protein, thrombin, cleaves the precursor to liberate fibrin when clotting is needed. As a fail-safe backup, thrombin itself is made as an inactive precursor whose activation in response to tissue damage requires a cascade of half a dozen proteins, sequentially cleaving and activating each other. There are also additional regulatory factors which either stimulate or inhibit the activation cascade. A schematic illustration of these biochemical interactions resembles the wiring dia-



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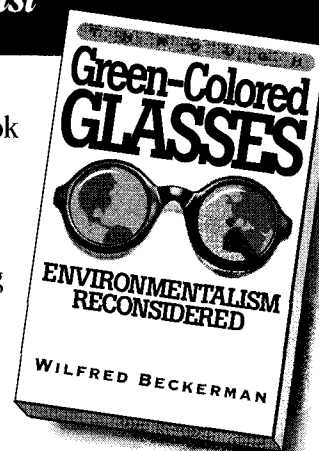
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gram for an electronic circuit. This apparently baroque complexity is essential because, for circulation to be maintained, clotting must occur only at the right time and place. For Professor Behe, only intelligent design could explain such a complex, sophisticated, interdependent mechanism for sealing leaks in the circulatory system.

The argument that random variation

*There are no detailed
Darwinian accounts
for the evolution of
any fundamental
biochemical
or cellular system*

and Darwinian gradualism may not be adequate to explain complex biological systems is hardly new. Behe quotes Darwin himself considering this possibility: "If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down." Surely, then, contemporary Darwinists have answers to rebut critics like Professor Behe. In fact, there are no detailed Darwinian accounts for the evolution of any fundamental biochemical or cellular system, only a variety of wishful speculations. It is remarkable that Darwinism is accepted as a satisfactory explanation for such a vast subject—evolution—with so little rigorous examination of how well its basic theses work in illuminating specific instances of biological adaptation or diversity.

Professor Behe's third goal is to herald the importance of the intelligent-design concept. Here he seems to lose his footing. Curiously, he treats intelligent design as a novel discovery. "Unlike Darwinian evolution, the theory of intelligent design is new to modern science." However, until the last century (well into the era of "modern science"), most serious thinkers considered it self-evident that the remarkable capacities of living organisms, so superior to mechanical devices, must have an intelligent basis. Historically, then, the real issue is not the recent "discovery" of intelligent design in biology but rather why orthodox science currently

denies what has seemed obvious for so long.

The second shortcoming of *Darwin's Black Box* is not pointing out explicitly how far modern biology has progressed in revealing the inherent intelligence of complex molecular and cellular systems. Professor Behe compares the blood-clotting cascade to a Rube Goldberg device, but it is actually a powerful real-time distributed computing system capable of evaluating the integrity of the entire circulatory apparatus and making appropriate clotting decisions. (The designers of Star Wars systems could do well to turn their attention to such biological defense networks as models for how to discriminate among potential dangers and make reliable decisions.) Contemporary cell and molecular biology focuses on the architecture and operation of "signal-transduction networks." These are cellular functions that process information about internal operations (e.g., DNA replication) and about the external environment to make decisions controlling growth, movement, and differentiation.

Professor Behe's most serious *faux pas* is suggesting that intelligent design may lie outside the domain of scientific investigation. "The dilemma is that while one side . . . is labeled intelligent design, the other side might be labeled God." The subtitle of the book (*The Biochemical Challenge to Evolution*) suggests that it attacks the idea of evolution, not just Darwinian theories of change. Even the scientific approach is questioned. In the third section of *Darwin's Black Box*, in a partially justified attack on groupthink in the scientific community, Professor Behe chides colleagues for asserting that scientists must strive for explanations exclusively in terms of natural phenomena. But his appeal to explanations beyond the realm of nature is premature. Darwinism and creationism are not the only conceivable intellectual frameworks for thinking about the evolution of biological adaptations and diversity. The pertinent scientific questions have not all been asked.

One can only guess that Professor Behe brings religion back into the evolutionary debate because he feels intelligence is somehow beyond nature. In this regard, there is an ironic conver-

gence with the neo-Darwinists who also want to exclude the possibility of intelligent action as part of the natural evolutionary process. Yet where does intelligence come from? Professor Behe cites human genetic engineering to bolster his argument that biochemical systems can be intelligently designed. Is human intelligence natural or supernatural? And what about animal intelligence in finding food, embryonic intelligence in overcoming mistakes and disruptions to produce healthy organisms, cellular intelligence to correct errors and imbalances in millions of coordinated biochemical reactions, and biochemical intelligence exhibited by systems like the blood-clotting cascade? Could these examples of intelligent action in nature relate to the appearance of intelligent biochemical systems in evolution?

Darwin's Black Box has the merit of showing us that evolution remains a mystery. Its fundamental driving forces have not been resolved either in detail or in principle. Where *Darwin's Black Box* undermines itself is in abandoning the effort to treat the question of intelligent design within science's own ongoing evolution. Professor Behe unfortunately expresses a static view of science. The accomplishments of molecular biology are presented as ultimate triumphs ("... the bedrock of nature. Lower we cannot go . . .") rather than as one stage in a continuous process of questioning, discovery, and reconceptualization. Science

repeatedly cycles back to basic issues. Biologists are debating anew whether life is purely mechanical. Two factors distinguish the current debate from the vitalism-mechanism conflict at the beginning of this century. One factor, well documented by Professor Behe, is our knowledge of the molecular components of complex biochemical systems. We cannot make simplistic assumptions because the hard facts of molecular genetics, DNA sequencing, and protein biochemistry tell us that complexity is truly the name of the game in biology.

The second new factor, strangely ignored by Professor Behe, is the existence of computers and information networks. Having exemplars of physical objects endowed with computational and decision-making capabilities shows



that there is nothing mystical, religious, or supernatural about discussing the potential for similarly intelligent action by living organisms. Information science also provides new conceptual frameworks for analyzing, formalizing, and ultimately exploiting the intelligent behaviors of complex biological systems. We need only think of the many applications of hybrid concepts like neural networks and genetic algorithms to realize the enormous potential of the

interface between information science and biology. Exploring this interface, science is about to enter a period as exciting and transforming as the physics of the early twentieth century. Sadly, despite its valuable critique of an all-too-often unchallenged orthodoxy, *Darwin's Black Box* fails to capture the true excitement of contemporary biology because it is fighting the battles of the past rather than seeing the vision of the future. □

Good for Business

WILLIAM E. SIMON

BUSINESS is under attack again. Companies seeking to improve their productivity are criticized for laying off employees. We hear renewed calls for "corporate social responsibility" and "socially responsible investing." Profit has become a dirty word, as the free-enterprise system is

Business as a Calling: Work and the Examined Life, by Michael Novak (Free Press, 224 pp., \$22)

The Heroic Enterprise: Business and the Common Good, by John Hood (Free Press, 256 pp., \$24.50)

besieged by people wanting it to be kinder and gentler, less concerned with the bottom line and more concerned with the bottom rung. These two fine new books argue persuasively that there is no contradiction between profit seeking and ethical responsibility, and in fact that a business that creates jobs and wealth fulfills a very important social objective.

The theologian Michael Novak and John Hood, president of the John Locke Foundation, both suggest that business has important moral responsibilities—and that successful companies are in fact meeting them.

Michael Novak is America's wisest commentator on the delicate relations between the life of the market and the life of the soul. In his new book, he maintains that those who pursue business are called to their work just as

much as the doctor or the man of the cloth. "All are trying to live fulfilled lives," he writes, "eager to mix their own identity with their work and their work with their identity. They want more satisfactions from work than money."

Those satisfactions can be obtained by working in business, and, indeed, as Novak reports, businessmen are more religious than the population as a whole. Refuting Marx's description of commerce as an impersonal "cash nexus," Novak argues that business serves as a force to bring people together. From the craftsmen who make our goods to the workers who deliver them, we are inextricably united by our business relations. As he puts it, "Commerce is the most solid, material sign of unmistakable human solidarity."

That solidarity, in his view, leads to a responsibility to uphold capitalism, because as a system of economic relations it 1) "better helps the poor escape their poverty" and 2) "is a necessary condition for the success of democracy." Novak maintains that capitalism is morally neither destructive nor neutral. Because it is so dependent on human capital, the most virtuous habits yield the most desirable results. Successful business executives practice three virtues, he writes: the virtue of creativity, the virtue of building community, and the virtue of practical realism.

One of the most provocative of Novak's chapters suggests that business has seven internal responsibilities that spring from the nature of corporate life, and seven external responsibilities that come from the religious teachings of Judaism and Christianity. Among the

internal responsibilities are the obligations "to satisfy customers with goods and services of real value," to "make a reasonable return on the funds entrusted to the business corporation by its investors," and to create new wealth and new jobs. Among the external responsibilities are the obligations to "protect the political soil of liberty," to "exemplify respect for law," and "to protect the moral ecology of freedom"—which includes resistance to the systematic corruption of a popular culture that "undermines the capacity of peoples for self-government." Novak concludes his book with the example of Andrew Carnegie, who gave away his fortune in his later years and whose essay "The Gospel of Wealth" sets forth a compelling ethic of social responsibility.

John Hood's work of business reporting is a marvelous complement to Novak's more philosophical treatment. Hood tells story after story of ways business is improving American life: bar codes that enable discount retailers to lower prices of clothing, plastic packaging that reduces the spoilage of food, pharmaceuticals that save lives and lower health-care costs, timber practices that increase the number of trees.

Take the emotionally charged issue of safety. Many people will remember the

*Those doors had been
ordered locked by
government inspectors
from the Department
of Agriculture*

tragic 1991 fire at a North Carolina chicken-processing plant, where 25 workers died in the flames, hopelessly clawing at exit doors that management had locked from the outside. The incident was widely reported as evidence of the need for greater governmental oversight of corporate behavior, but Hood reports one crucial fact that both Congress and the media failed to note: those doors had been ordered locked by government inspectors from the Department of Agriculture.

In similar fashion throughout this meticulously researched and well-written book, Hood repeatedly stands the received wisdom on its head by showing how the incentives of market competi-

Mr. Simon, Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Nixon and Ford, is president of the John M. Olin Foundation.

tion distribute the maximum amount of good to the maximum number of people. Hood shows that workers frequently benefit from the productivity improvements that accompany downsizing, and that, in the 1990s, the American economy offers more opportunity—for both employment and entrepreneurship—than ever. He points to one study that found that the average worker today has been at his job longer than someone of comparable age twenty or thirty years ago, and to another in which the overwhelming majority of Americans have said they are financially better off than the previous year every single year since the 1950s.

Of course, business leaders don't always behave ethically, writes Hood. "When businessmen kill their competi-

tors or extort money from them at the point of a gun, we properly call them gangsters. Similarly, when corporate leaders use political contributions and lobbyists to protect themselves from competition and to obtain taxpayer subsidies, they are no longer engaged in commercial activity." Following Milton Friedman, Hood argues that any use of fraud or force (including the manipulation of government power) makes freely negotiated contracts impossible, striking at the heart of market capitalism.

These books are indispensable contributions to the literature on corporate social responsibility, and can be read profitably by any business executive seeking ethical guidance and by anyone with an interest in the moral basis of the free-enterprise system. □

powdered wigs. It is thus typical of our times that Greenberg should have felt the need to pair honor with slavery in order to drum up a bit of interest.

I do not mean to say that honor and

*The Southern
standard of honor
arose out of a
European tradition
of more than a
thousand years*

slavery were not intimately bound up together. But the racial, moral, and economic aspects of Southern slavery were historical accidents compared to the organic quality of honor in Southern society. Nor is it to deny that honor was a means of social control to say that Greenberg misses the point by claiming that, for example, masters delighted in affirming their power by "dishonoring" their slaves. Slaves existed quite outside the honor system, being subject neither to honor nor to dishonor. So, too, Greenberg gets it just slightly wrong when he writes that:

Not having the power to duel was one of the distinguishing features of enslavement. The slave was a person who did not have the power to risk his life in a confrontation with a man who tried to unmask him—with a man who "gave him the lie." . . . Slaves were deprived by masters of all the elements necessary for the formal duels of gentlemen of honor.

Absurd statements like these depend on modern conceptions of equality and rights—as if slaves might have contemplated strikes and boycotts in order to claim for themselves the right to duel!

Yet Greenberg's understanding of antebellum Southern society as a kind of masquerade ball where power meant the power to wear the mask of your choice is a helpful one overall. It helps make clearer, for example, popular reaction to the legend of the capture of Jefferson Davis by Federal troops after the surrender of the Confederacy. Northern newspapers claimed that Davis was taken dressed up in women's petticoats as he tried to avoid capture. To his dying day he furiously denied that this was the case.

The Last Gentlemen

JAMES BOWMAN

AS a freshman at Davidson College in North Carolina in 1966, I came in at almost the last gasp of what had been called for nearly a century and a half "the Davidson gentleman." A mournful college administrator and keeper of the gentlemanly flame informed the matriculating class that "this is the first year since the

Honor & Slavery: Lies, Duels, Noses, Masks, Dressing as a Woman, Gifts, Strangers, Humanitarianism, Death, Slave Rebellions, the Proslavery Argument, Baseball, Hunting, Gambling in the Old South, by Kenneth S. Greenberg (Princeton, 224 pp., \$24.95)

foundation of the College in which a Davidson gentleman has not had his bed made for him." That service had been discontinued for pecuniary reasons, but the same administrator had himself dropped another venerable tradition of the college—that of professors' inviting students around to their houses after chapel on Sunday evenings—when black students had begun to be admitted a couple of years previously.

The so-called "Honor Code" survived the departure of the bedmakers and the

arrival of blacks and (after I left) women. I believe it survives there and on other Southern campuses still. But it was an honor code in name only. Such legalistic trappings as the pledging of papers and an Honor Court would have been anathema to genuine men of honor, to say nothing of turning in malefactors. It was little more than a reminder of a now defunct ideal to which—perhaps as a kind of homage to the Confederate dead—we were still required to acknowledge a sentimental attachment. Kenneth S. Greenberg compares the traditions of the honorable gentlemen of the South to a dead language—a language for which he purports to supply "a work of translation."

This he does with some success, and he makes a strong case that the antebellum Southern ideal of honor must be understood if much of American history is to be understood. Yet his book suffers from a lack of perspective. The Southern standard of honor was not indigenous. It arose out of a European tradition of more than a thousand years which was itself based in part on standards familiar to the ancient world. Nor is it quite dead yet. The remarkable thing about honor is not that it was once so important, but that it is now little more than a historical curiosity, like hoop skirts or



Mr. Bowman is American Editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

Greenberg writes that "one of the biographers concluded that the charge that he had been unmasked while dressed as a woman caused Davis more 'anguish' than any other event in his life. That is an extraordinary conclusion about a man who presided over the death of a nation."

Of course it wasn't just the unmasking. The other reason for Davis's anguish is that it was a definitive dishonor for a gentleman to be associated with the putatively "womanish." Rather surprisingly in view of his general political correctness, Greenberg devotes almost none of his attention to the power relationships between men and women which were also implicit in the system of honor. Here, besides what is honorable in dress and speech and, of course, racial attitudes, we learn of the danger to life involved in pulling an honorable man's nose, or playing a practical joke on him; we learn that gambling and hunting were honorable pursuits but baseball (because it involves running from the ball) was not; and we learn how it becomes a man of honor to die (dispassionately). But we never discover how that same honorable fellow behaves toward his mother, his wife, his daughter, or his mistress, or how they behave toward him.

For Greenberg, everything comes back to slavery. There are too many strained attempts to make everything else a mere repetition of the author's one big insight, namely that the honor system was a means of exercising social control by the privileged over the unprivileged. This insight is less original or shocking than he supposes, but he cannot seem to get over it. Like so many modern academics, he simply assumes his own position of moral authority to criticize more primitive social arrangements than our own.

FILM

Big Boys

JOHN SIMON

RON Shelton, the writer-director of two baseball movies—the good *Bull Durham* and the hapless *Cobb*—has now made a golf movie, *Tin Cup*. Unlike baseball, which is

This makes it all the more surprising that he does not bother to point out that honor among white males was as much a means of dominance over women as over black slaves. Perhaps he leaves it out because women were more complicit in the system of honor than slaves were. A glance at Southern literature or history up until, say, the time that Davidson stopped employing servants to make students' beds is enough to reveal a surprising degree of cooperation by Southern women in their own subjugation. Could it be that more than power was involved? If so, it will take a keener analytical probe than Greenberg's to discover it.

It will also take a certain amount of bravery to get past the crude Marxist assumption that the honor culture is nothing more than a tool of dominance and manipulation. Women had their own system of honor, but one that included the principles of submission and obedience to fathers and husbands, and the recognition of public and political life and the world of business as specifically masculine spheres. To say that women were forced into this system by a combination of the threat of violence and their own weakness and ignorance, just as the slaves were, is to ignore the universality of such distinctions between the sexes among the upper classes of European society for many centuries—centuries during which women's equality with men was seen by nearly everyone not as a desirable thing but as an unfortunate by-product of poverty and want, to be abandoned with the first prospect of upward social mobility.

There survives, even today, a real if latent sense of chivalry in relations between the sexes. Let us hope that one day a scholar can look at it without the fear that he must toe the party line. □

highly cinogenic, golf is dubious movie material. Too slow, too laid-back, too ambulatory, it lacks the drama that has made, say, boxing stories a film staple. Shelton is aware that a golf film must,



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accordingly, include much else; so, as in *Bull Durham*, he gives us a romantic triangle: one woman and two dissimilar men. In *Tin Cup*, however, the difference is not in age and experience, but in character.

Roy "Tin Cup" McAvoy (spare me the explanation of his nickname) runs a ramshackle golf range outside a footling West Texas town with his sometime caddie, Romeo Posar. Roy was a terrific college golfer, but a combination of audacity and lethargy—his "inner demons"—has kept him from making it like his old school rival, Don Simms, now a PGA star. An attractive, urbane psychotherapist, Molly Griswold, comes to take lessons from Roy, who promptly, and for the first time seriously, falls in love with her. It turns out that she is Don's girlfriend, and quixotic Roy—much against the warnings of his Sanchoesque partner, Romeo—determines to make her his. How? Very simply by winning the toughest tournament there is, the U.S. Open.

So Roy, to pay a debt to his ex-sweetheart Doreen, the hard-as-cleats strip-joint owner, cedes his range to her: she, in turn, lets him run it, and even stakes his shot at the Open. No less bizarre is Roy's acceptance of a taunt from Don to caddie for him at an earlier tournament. But all this is less odd than Roy bullying his way into becoming Molly's patient, so as to declare his love to her. But I guess nothing is too far-fetched for a film whose double-entendre-studded dialogue does its utmost to sexualize golf, even if it stops at golfifying sex.

Kevin Costner is, after some recent errancy, quite winning as the shiftless hero, whose harebrained schemes almost invariably bogey. Yet his boyish charm endears him to women, to the point where his involvement with Linda Hart's over-the-hill and underwhelming Doreen is incomprehensible. Equally problematic would seem the casting of Rene Russo—the large, raw-boned, nutcracker-jawed model-turned-actress—as the wise and witty psychotherapist. Surprisingly, she proves more amusing and likable than one would have thought

possible. Don Johnson is suavely snide as Don, and Cheech Marin is amiably wry in the rather clichéd sidekick role.

Shelton and his co-scenarist, John Norville, steer somewhat uneasily between sophisticated comedy and simplistic fairy tale. Neither the golf nor the psychotherapy aspects ring true, even to the extent Shelton managed in his last two outings, *Blaze* and *White Men Can't Jump*. Thus the U.S. Open sequences strive for authenticity down to the presence of real-life sportscasters and golf figures, but then introduce details that should make the hero slink off the links in shame. As for William Ross's otherwise passable, mostly country-music score, it here espouses bombast that would have made Wagner blush.

As for the psychotherapy session and Dr. Griswold's general comportment, they strike me as a cross between the old Hollywood, with Sig Rumann as a Freudian travesty, and A. A. Milne. And what, in any case, is a psychotherapist doing in a godforsaken burg such as the I hope fictional Salome, Texas, with its

Jack's not-so-secret agenda is as a sop to the age of AIDS

Wellness Center where Dr. Griswold plies her unlikely trade? At least we see her with one other patient besides Tin Cup; at his driving range, she seems to be the sole customer.

On the credit side, there is Russell Boyd's cinematography, which neatly adapts itself to the story's shifting modes and moods. Boyd, an Australian, did yeoman's work with similar Texas scenery in *Tender Mercies*; he is particularly good at earth tones and the seductive spookiness of the golf range at night. The screenwriting, too, rises to moments of adult credibility, even if, at other times, the dialogue rattles around like sparse coins in a beggar's tin cup.

■ Seldom was there a movie as offensively inane as *Jack*, which makes even

Big and *Forrest Gump*, its primary role models, loom like pinnacles of intelligence and good taste. The screenplay by James DeMonaco and Gary Nadeau is about as embarrassing as they come, but even greater blame must be accorded the star, Robin Williams, with whom in mind the two NYU Film School graduates concocted it. It is the story of a boy with a rare (actually preposterous) illness that makes him age four years in every calendar year, so that when he seems to be forty, he is really ten and queasily off to fifth grade. This after private tutoring from Bill Cosby, in an especially avuncular mode.

Robin Williams is an actor stricken with the not-so-rare ailment of charmlessness galloping in direct proportion to his attempts at ingratiation. With infrequent exceptions, his comedy is of the kind that makes right-thinking viewers want to strangle him, whereas his attempts at serious parts make persons of taste experience severe abdominal perturbation. Despite his fluky success, this flaky self-adulator and chronic over-actor should be put out of, if not his, at least our misery. By us, I refer to those still able to keep their chins above the cloacal waters in which we are swimming, and whose pious wish will, yet again, be ignored.

Williams's gift for mimicry exists all right, but is submerged in the unstaunchable ooze of his smug enjoyment of it. He is like the party bore who laughs at his own jokes first and loudest, thereby making the laughter stick in his hearers' craws. Like a wet cake of soap, he evades his directors' control, and especially the grasp of a director such as Francis Ford Coppola, who seems pretty much to have lost whatever knack he once had. In *Jack*, actor and director bring out the sniggering worst in each other.

The running—or, more properly, stumbling—joke in the childish talk and behavior issuing from a grown man, wearying after a short while, is further undercut by one's never having really mistaken Williams for an adult. And the film doesn't strive even for superficial believability. Thus we see again and again Jack wriggling in and out of a fifth-grader's school bench, without anyone providing him with suitable seating. Another comic high spot has Jack diving between his parents in bed as they were about to have sex, and demanding successfully to spend the night in their midst. But even the real



Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

children in the film appear to have been chosen for their gracelessness.

The lachrymose ending, in which Jack, an aged valedictorian, urges his youthful classmates to seize the day and not judge the value of a life by its duration, while his proud parents clutch a normal little daughter to their bosoms, suggests to me that the film's not-so-secret agenda is as a sop to the age of AIDS, a very real illness whose symp-

toms bear a crude resemblance to Jack's malady. If so, the film is even more unsavory, rather like its gimcrack and attitudinizing score by Michael Kamen.

There are two redeeming features: the enchanting Diane Lane as Jack's mother, and the no less enchanting Jennifer Lopez as a sympathetic teacher. But though these lovely ladies and fine actresses salvage much, it is nowhere near enough. □

MANNERS

The Last of Johnstown

RICHARD BROOKHISER

JOHNSTOWN, New York, is an hour west of Albany on the New York State Thruway. The hills of the Mohawk River Valley, in which it lies, are wrinkled rather than rolling. Occasionally a traveler gets a side view down the rows of a cornfield. But the soil is mostly too rocky to support anything but dairy cows.

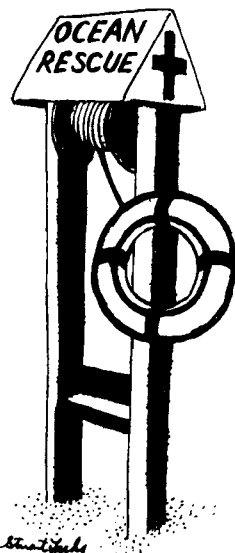
This plain setting had its share of great events, thanks to the Indians who once lived there. Father Isaac Jogues, one of the seventeenth-century French Jesuits who tried to convert them, was martyred just across the river. The historian Francis Parkman cuts short a description of his torments with the remark that further details "would be as monotonous as revolting."

A century later the British focused on Indian trade and politics. Their man in the North American version of the Great Game was William Johnson. Johnson looked after settlers and the fur trade, and adjudicated Indian disputes. His wife bore him three children, and an Indian mistress bore him eight more. He passed judgment on colonials, such as Col. Washington of the Virginia militia: "too ambitious of acquiring all the honor." To celebrate his success in the world—he

was made a baronet—he built himself a neat little country gentleman's house in the wilderness. On one occasion, his guests left hatchet marks in the banister.

At century's end, the frontier moved on, leaving in its wake Johnson Hall, a county courthouse (still in use), and a tiny stone fort. Johnstown's second flowering came in the next century, thanks to the cows, when someone thought to turn their hides into gloves and their hoofs into gelatin. A local magnate built a fine house for himself on a hilltop, with Tiffany lamps in the dining room. When the house was sold, not long ago, for the price of a Manhattan studio apartment, the new owners more than made back their investment by unscrewing the Tiffany and selling it off. It is the Johnstown Four Hundred which hangs, like the fruit of Tantalus, over the hero of Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*.

I knew about Johnstown, not because of its historical or literary resonances, nor because of any ongoing grandeur—the gloves and the magnates are long gone—but because it is where my mother grew up. She moved a few hundred miles away, to the suburb that was my home. But my grandmother and my aunts Marjie and Mary continued to live there, and I spent many of the holidays of the first twenty years of my life—usually Thanksgiving or Easter—with them.



My mother and her sisters had grown up in a house across the street from the old fort, which then served as a jail. One woman, locked up for drunken-

*The ways of the
WASP: do good
works, so long as
someone minds
the store*

ness, would call out to my grandmother from her cell window, which must not have pleased my grandmother. After World War II, my grandmother moved to a new house, but furnished it with a number of her old things: a Victorian sofa and chairs; a photograph, dim and romantically arty, of trees and streams; nineteenth-century editions of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Upstairs there was that Lar of the bourgeoisie, an upright piano,

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Mr. Brookhiser is an NR senior editor and the author of Founding Father: Rediscovering George Washington (Free Press).

whose tone was as soft and occasionally cracked as its white keys, with some sheet music mourning the assassination of William McKinley.

The Bicentennial fireworks I saw were in Fonda, the town down the hill from Johnstown; afterward, we watched the fireworks over the Statue of Liberty on TV. I played frisbee with my brother in the middle of South William Street under vase-shaped elms. There was a town clock that tolled the hours and the half hours. A car on the street at night was an event.

My aunt Marjie's last car was a pink Rambler. It was years before she took the plastic covers off the back seat. She never drove it over fifty, or farther than Gloversville, and gas-station attendants were forever beseeching her to part with it. She kept it till she bent a fender (how?), then let it go.

My aunts led different lives. Aunt Marjie, who was older, ran the family business, a dry-goods store. (Dreiser mentions it.) Aunt Mary went to Mount Holyoke, and was a social worker in New York and New Haven. I remember a mild dispute they had the last time I saw the two of them together. They were never big women; in their mid eighties, they seemed light as maple seeds. There was a family from Africa or someplace that the Johnstown Presbyterian Church was supporting. Aunt Marjie observed that it cost money. Aunt Mary said that such expenses fulfilled the mission of the church. The ways of the WASP: do good works, so long as someone minds the store.

My grandmother died twenty years ago. Marjie died in 1993, in December; her funeral was held on a day of snow and cold. Mary died this winter; there was a memorial service in the Presbyterian Church in April. Presbyterians, I

thought for the many-eth time, ask forgiveness for their debts, instead of their trespasses. There weren't many of either to my aunts' accounts.

There is no reason now for me to go back to Johnstown, except memory, and what kind of a reason is that, in America? People in other countries stay put, or when they come in from the provinces, like Balzac characters, it is

to the Metropolis—London, Paris. But there is no American Metropolis. People move here and there, for all kinds of reasons, or for none. I was doubly removed, for even as my parents left their hometowns, so I have left mine. My connection with Johnstown, though intense, was slender, and now it has snapped. I've left it to its living, and its dead. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

City of the Century: The Epic of Chicago and the Making of America, by Donald L. Miller (Simon & Schuster, 704 pp., \$35)

DONALD Miller, history professor at Lafayette College and biographer of Lewis Mumford, takes on his subject with great narrative gusto, sweeping us from the Chicago of 1833—"a desolate trading post of some thirty souls"—through the Great Fire of 1871, to 1893 Chicago, "America's first skyscraper city" with over a million people, the city that beat out New York as the site of the World's Columbian Exposition. What fueled this extraordinary growth? Money, says Miller. According to Henry Fuller, Chicago's first great novelist, Chicago was "the only great city in the world to which all its citizens have come for the one common, avowed objective of making money." The building of nineteenth-century Chicago, adds a contemporary historian, represents "one of the most purely capitalistic endeavors the world has ever seen." Miller's intention is to personify this drive, and he does so with

great effect. All the big names are here, the industrialists and the artists, as well as the pols: "Hinky Dink" Kenna and "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, for instance, prototypical Chicago aldermen "who gave one dollar to the needy for every two they stole." A book that is strong and vital, like its subject, by an engaged historian with a fine eye for significant detail and a novelist's touch.

—JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Why the Allies Won, by Richard Overy (Norton, 396 pp., \$22.95)

THE recent flood of books on virtually every aspect of the Second World War has restored our understanding of why we fought (i.e., to beat the Axis lest we lose our freedom—a self-evident proposition in 1945, which seems to have become obscured in subsequent decades). Among these efforts, Richard Overy's *Why the Allies Won* warrants special attention. In a brilliant analysis of the many and varied "fronts" that made up World War II, Overy decisively

discredits one of the oldest revisionist canards—that Allied victory was inevitable because wars of conquest are "obsolete" in the modern age. As Overy shows, the Allies won only because they mastered the modern art of mass warfare better than their opponents did. In trenchant analyses of the Battle of the Seas, the War for the Air, the "December 8 War" in Russia, the Battle of Production, and other key fronts, Overy demonstrates how the Axis could have emerged the winner—and in some cases, nearly did. One caution: Overy's well-written book is not for the novice; if you need to be told who Admiral Donitz was, this isn't the book for you.

—MICHAEL KING



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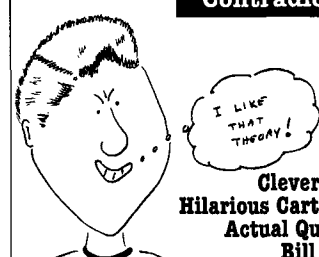
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GEYER

(Continued from page 57)

between high- and low-income groups," they determined that the cause was not immigration, nor multiculturalism, nor bilingualism, but Americans and the weakness of their institutions in adapting to newcomers from different cultures. Mr. Bach stated unequivocally that "the problem in America may not be diversity but homogeneity."

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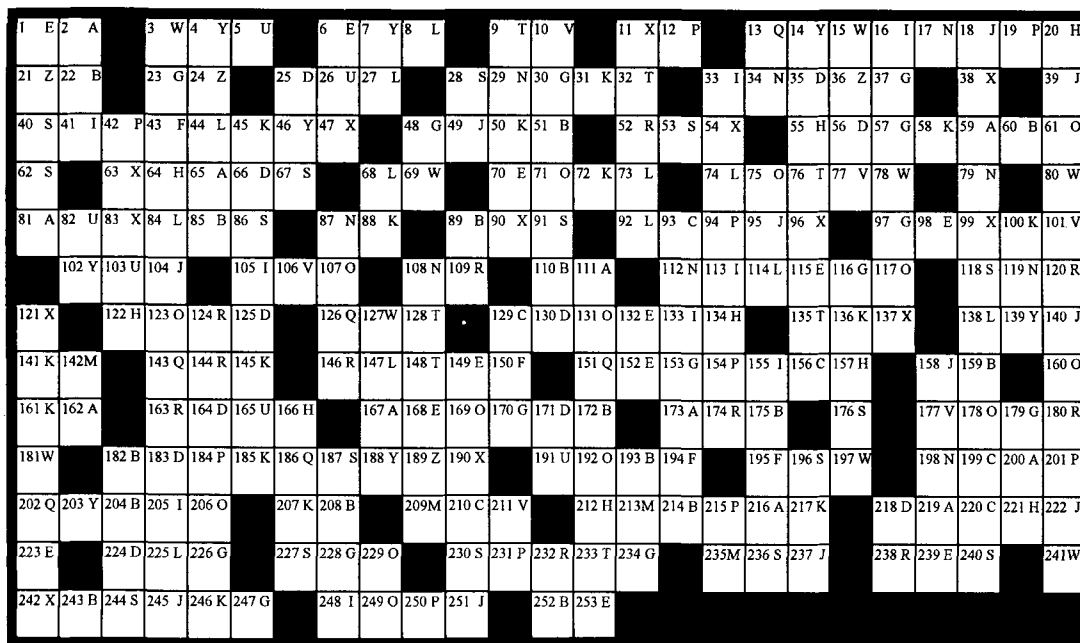
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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|--|---|---|--|
| A. Informal party (hyphenated) | 65 200 2 59 111 167 162 219 173 216 81 | M. His detractors think this Speaker a real reptile | 213 142 235 209 |
| B. Disorder which afflicts our restive polity (2 words) | 193 110 51 85 172 22 252 60 159 175 204 | N. Homer's legendary flower children | 112 34 87 119 198 29 79 17 108 |
| | 208 243 182 214 89 | O. Drama commemorating the Scopes trial (3 words) | 178 249 192 117 169 75 206 160 123 71 107 |
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| J. What mothers wish Major Leaguers would not do (3 words) | 39 49 222 251 140 18 104 237 245 158 95 | W. Moment of truth for car-safety dummies (2 words) | 241 181 127 69 78 80 197 15 3 |
| K. He drove off the Danes, then succumbed to William the Conqueror (3 words) | 136 50 185 207 72 45 31 161 246 100 145 | X. Father of sociology (2 words) | 96 63 83 242 54 47 99 190 121 90 137 |
| | 141 88 58 217 | | 38 11 |
| L. What U.S. marshals once did in the territories (3 words) | 44 138 74 27 84 8 114 225 147 73 68 | Y. Shaggy, North Sea islands pony | 14 4 46 188 139 102 7 203 |
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Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. KEYES: *Principle Precedes Victory*: "After all, on Calvary, Christ looked to all the world like a defeated man. Yet, in that very hour, he represented God's eternal victory over death and sin. In this the winter of America's discontent, is there some better inspiration for Christian political action? Can there ever be?"

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

It's All Right, Jack

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13

Sometimes the right things happen and we pause to give democracy another chance. It was a screwy congestion of bad thinking and bad legislation on the subject of political financing that kept Jack Kemp from contending for the presidential nomination. He was something of an outsider in the Gingrich-Dole Second Act, with a Democratic President and Republican Congress. And most understandably he quailed at the prospect of 75 lunches, 75 breakfasts, and 75 dinners to raise the \$18 to \$20 million one has to spend to get a primary franchise.

And then too he was just offbeat a hemidemisemiquaver on developing conservative orthodoxy. He did not endorse Proposition 187 in California on the immigration question and he had a developing sweet tooth for federal spending on housing for the homeless and the not quite homeless.

The result was that he ducked into what was his equivalent of de Gaulle's Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises until that august democratic clock struck. It informed Mr. Dole that there was a lifelessness in his campaign that was not going to go away unless he gave it a huge charge of electricity. One way to do this would have been to appoint his wife. The second—and only other—way was to appoint Jack Kemp.

Kemp has had a quite extraordinary evolution in the past twenty years. The first sense of him was of the ideological naïf, someone who had crawled out of the football huddle, spotted a passing cloud that spoke of the law of supply and demand, and started to give endless speeches about taxation. He was thought for a long while to be nothing more than a garrulous enthusiast for easing the burden on the rich. But then, in union with Senator William Roth, he sponsored the bill—a 30 per cent uniform reduction in tax rates—that became the economic spine of the Reagan campaign for the Presidency in 1980. The bill was overlong in passing, and some of its vitality (and impact) was diluted by going 5 per cent one year, 10 the second, and 10 the third, instead of the resolute 30 per cent bite right

away. But the orientation was correct, though the inevitable fiddling of 1982 and 1986 led to the calamities of 1990 and 1993; and as one looked about, it became plain that after chasing one little Indian after another from the scene, suddenly now there were none.

It was fortunate for Mr. Clinton that we were just then coming out of a downturn in the business cycle and that the end of the Cold War reduced the defense burden. But the end result, four years later, was that we geared down, as if it were geological law, to a creepy-crawly 2.3 per cent or less annual growth rate. Kemp insisted, right along, that this was to surrender and, above all, to lose faith in the temper and ingenuity that characterize American enterprise. At the end of the Civil War, we were the least of the industrial powers, measured per capita, the British the foremost. In the next one hundred years we averaged 2.75 per cent growth, the British 2.5 per cent growth. We were now the first of the industrial powers, the British near the last.

There is the inevitable talk of ideological and personal friction. Phooey. If Jack Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson could combine, Dole and Kemp certainly can. Kemp is, to begin with, more naturally accommodating than LBJ. But there is more. He has a faith that, if the ticket captures the imagination of the majority, Mr. Dole would have a quite natural difficulty in resisting, if only because the adage about nature abhorring a vacuum has got to be relevant in the current situation—and, after all, Mr. Dole himself enunciated a supply-side tax cut two weeks ago. If he wins, Mr. Dole will enter into the final period of a productive life in the clerical/administrative side of politics. But the impulse of a majority experiencing the rush of rejuvenation will certainly egg him on to implement his proposed tax program and to tame Internal Revenue and other parasitic growths of bureaucratic statism. And if the majority



"If it's all the same to you, we'd prefer not to get involved."

sleeps through it, giving Mr. Clinton another four years?

Why then the country will have something genuinely to look forward to at the turn of the century, an epic battle between Al Gore, representing the old order, and Jack Kemp, in very good shape after the exercise he had in 1996. George Will remarked along the line that Barry Goldwater's electoral bid flowered only with the election of Ronald Reagan. So might it be said of a future cycle that began with the loss of George Bush, and bloomed with the—election of Jack Kemp. As Vice President in 1996, made President in the millennium, four years down the road. □

Understanding The Welfare-Reform Bill

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2

Really, the Newspaper of Record leaves us with the impression that the welfare-reform bill is a declaration of war against the State of New York. There were two front-page stories in the *New York Times* on Thursday. The first by Robert Pear led, "After hours of suspense and soul-searching, President Clinton said today that he would sign a bill that reverses six decades of social-welfare policy and touches the lives of tens of millions of people." And, alongside, from David Firestone, "President Clinton's decision yesterday to transform the nation's welfare system left both local officials and welfare advocates gasping at the enormous new costs of public assistance they say will have to be borne by city and state taxpayers."

And those were mere whispers, auguring the roars of pain and indignation and doom talk from such as Mayor Giuliani and Representative Rangel. And then it was discovered that the New York State Constitution "guarantees" relief payments to all its residents on welfare. How will we make these payments? Mayor Giuliani told the press the estimated increase in cost to New York City would be \$720 million, and so the city's situation is that general revenues are predicted to increase by 0.3 per cent, but expenditures must now increase by 2 per cent.

Begin with some elementary mathematics.

—In 1994 New York State paid to Washington, D.C., \$1.26 for every dollar New York received from Washington.

—That being so, a reduction of one dollar in expenditures by Washington means a reduction in levies on New York of \$1.26.

—Therefore, if New York quite simply took over the welfare burden now handled by Washington, the out-of-pocket cost to New Yorkers would be reduced, not augmented.

—About thirty states in the Union receive more money from Washington than they pay out to Washington. If there is cause for concern at a dollar-by-dollar level, it is a concern of those states.

—The thinking behind welfare reform is that welfare payments will decrease, not increase, when the plan takes hold. That reasoning is to some extent speculative, but its basis is experience. Senator Phil Gramm points out that we have spent over \$2 trillion on welfare in the past thirty years, and poverty has increased. Most especially, illegitimacy has increased, which is the primary generator of poverty.

—But of course devolution, which is what this bill is all about, does not lay a hand on the freedom of state legislators to re-enact welfare in the old mode, except that financing will have to come from Albany, not from Washington. This means that Sacramento and Albany are free to choose divers approaches to welfare problems.

—Senator Moynihan, as often happens, had the most original thoughts on the subject. He began by calling everyone who voted in favor of welfare reform insane (“It is a social risk that no sane person would take . . .”). But he wished to distance himself from the cant-talk of fellow liberals. “For years, whenever the critics said, correctly, that the welfare system was doing more harm than good, and suggested that it be rethought, its defenders screamed ‘racism’ and ‘slaveware.’ They did that until there was no public support left at all. Now they are stunned at what they’re getting.” He went on to name Professor James Q. Wilson of UCLA and John DiIulio of Princeton and William Bennett of Washington as prominent welfare skeptics. “Typically liberals think otherwise, to the extent that liberals can be said to think at all.” I wish I had said that.

But it is indeed an important moment in American history precisely because it asks the fifty states to take on substantial responsibility for exploring more effective means than we have come up with for helping our forlorn and our wayward. In order to do this, the objective of the individual state has to be to arrest the rate of illegitimacy. The means of achieving this end have been exhaustively explored in this space. The only systematic attention given to the problem has been by the scholarly Charles Murray, and his conclusions are harmonious with those provisions of the welfare-reform bill that stress the desirability of work. (Individual states can waive

this requirement, but not with federal money.) And then—a correlative objective?—we need to free up education, to encourage learning and skills. We know how to do this, but the First Amendment, as interpreted, has got to cooperate. □

San Diego; Seen from Afar

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16

I wasn’t there, and was all the more anxious for such news as I could get. I knew that the young, animated woman on board planned to telephone to her mother in Seattle, nine time zones away, so the next morning I asked whether she had had any news of “the convention.” “What convention?” she asked curiously. A companion, later in the day, remarked the wholesomeness of such unconcern. “In Sweden, 90 per cent of the people vote because the government is everywhere a part of their lives.” In America people can forget the government.

Well, not quite. But the point is well taken. My friend lives a few weeks in the summer in Provence, and I learn that there, as indeed everywhere else in France, a CD recording costs \$21, exactly twice the American price. How is that? Tariffs, plus internal trade agreements. The sanctions against price-breaking are pretty complete: legal, economic, and social. Only divine disapproval is missing. “It costs me \$85 to fill the tank of my car.” At \$6 a gallon, the middle class is circumspect about big cars or, for that matter, carefree driving vacations, let alone commuting to work in one’s own car. But what about the staples? “Coffee and sugar are more expensive.” The next time one looks at ostensibly comparable incomes, French/American, bear these in mind, as also that heavy though the tax load in America is, in France it is half again as heavy.

But then the political tradition in France is heliocentric. “*Le Roi gouverne par lui-même*” Louis XIV reminded his subjects. I write a few blocks from where Napoleon was born, in Ajaccio, Corsica. His mother’s house is well marked, but that is for the benefit of tourists. Napoleon did not believe it would ever be necessary to spell out his name, no more is it necessary to label the circadian phenomenon “Sun” when it rises in the morning. On the grave at St. Helena where his body rested before its triumphant return to Paris there is no marking, none at all. Granted, there had been a quarrel when he died. The British wished to engrave on the tombstone, “Napoleon Bonaparte,” but the French

aide would have none of it—the plebeian surname. Just plain “Napoleon,” he insisted. After all, nobody goes to Versailles to see where Louis Bourbon lived. But the British were the jailkeepers, and they settled on writing nothing on the marble.

In America, our leaders surest of their longevity in citizens’ memory take the least pains in posthumous self-identification. Jefferson did want to remind passers-by that he was the author of the Declaration of Independence and of Virginia’s statute for religious freedom, and the father of the University of Virginia: he did not bother to note down that he had also been President of the United States, thinking the office more or less trivial in a society in which government’s powers were supposed to be rare and specified. The self-effacement of Franklin Delano Roosevelt was in a contrary perspective. His tombstone, whose text he dictated, does not dwell on his four elections as President, merely listing his name and dates of birth and death—because FDR died thinking of himself (probably correct) as the personification of the new America, the welfare state. The Plaza in Paris renamed in memory of Charles de Gaulle reminds visitors that he was the head of the French Resistance, the Founder of the Fifth Republic, and President of France. He told an aide, shortly before resigning his office—a year and a half before his death—that for five years there would be “souvenirs,” after that nothing. But that was a depressed retreat from the French leader as the embodiment of France. The real de Gaulle was the one in memory, who no more doubted his importance than Julius Caesar, Alexander, or—Napoleon.

Well, that’s the way it is in America. Trimmed back to one hour of prime time on the nets after struggling unsuccessfully with gavel-to-gavel coverage for years. In 1976 Senator John Glenn gave the Democratic keynote address and it was covered by all three networks. A day later it transpired that the combined audiences of ABC, CBS, and NBC brought in fewer viewers than were got by New York station WPIX, which concurrently ran *Casablanca*, for the 14th time.

They rail about Americans who don’t vote. Calmer critics of American civic informality are disappointed by Americans who don’t vote for the right candidate. But, when all is said and done, it is a sign not of indifference to public concern, but of acknowledgment that public concern—concern for the res publica—is much less important, and should be, than remembering to call one’s mother from Corsica to find out how she is, and report that her daughter is well, happy, and productive. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

REMEMBER the "Voluntary Simplification Movement"? The trend-spotters fingered it a couple of years ago and Style editors duly responded with features. Practitioners of Voluntary Simplification, we learned, threw out their microwaves and talked a lot about "stopping to smell the roses." Their goal was to break their dependence on machines that go *ping!* and revert to simple household items like scrub boards, clothes lines, carpet sweepers, rug beaters, and, if they could find one, a zinc box to replace the fridge.

They seemed to be a composite of Luddites, nostalgia freaks, and environmentalists, but a closer examination revealed some stark differences. Take the matter of automatic transmissions *versus* stick shifts:

Luddites hate both.

Nostalgia freaks hate automatics for being new and easy to drive, which spoils what they call "real driving." They drive a stick shift for pleasure.

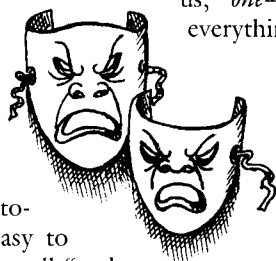
Environmentalists hate automatics for being wasteful and easy to drive, which spoils their sense of duty. They drive a stick shift for pain.

Voluntary Simplificationists drive a stick shift because it's simpler. Not easier—simpler. Not simpler to drive, but simpler to make. All they care about is the amount of technology at the engineering end. The stick shift is hard to drive because its engineering is simple; the automatic is easy to drive because its engineering is complicated. Thus, automatics are harder and more expensive to repair, which complicates the lives of people who own them. So shift gears or die, because the complicated life is not worth living.

When the Voluntary Simplification Movement first cropped up in the news, I created a "Simp" file and kept an eye out for further articles, but they stopped abruptly sometime back around January.

The VSM has disappeared from the radar screen.

I can think of two reasons for the sudden blackout. First, of course, is the Unabomber. Another is advertisers. Writing about Simps for daily newspapers is a good way to get fired. You can't have features about people who toss their washer and dryer turning up next to the Sears ad. Worse, some Simps also toss their clothes: men make do with the "one good Sunday suit" of Booth Tarkington heroes, and lady Simps, who refuse to play the sartorial shell game known as "accessorizing," limit themselves to one—God help us, *one*—handbag that goes with everything. This is not what America is all about.



On the other hand, it is. Ambivalence toward possessions and a hankering for the simple life have been staples of our national discontent since Henry David Thoreau

took to the woods. By the middle of the present century it was known as "getting away from it all" and "quitting the rat race." Essentially a male urge, it takes a terrible toll on women unless they're like Betty MacDonald, who saw the comical side and wrote *The Egg and I*. But most escapists are too idealistic to have a comical side, which is why they miss the Catch-22 lurking in all simplification rites.

The protagonist of *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*, in abandoning the corporate power ladder for an undemanding job, will also abandon rage for pique.

The big-time journalist who buys a little country weekly ends up worse off, the heart attack he was trying to avoid brought on by two aspects of journalism he never had to cope with before: letters-to-the-editor and mothers-of-the-bride ("It didn't get in!").

Bohemian intellectuals of the Fifties got their simplicity fix from Arthur Frommer's *Europe on Five Dollars a Day*. The bible of the freighter elite, it was packed with ecstatic advice on how to

live like an earthworm, but the blithe spirits who devoured it soon discovered that an American without a "nice bathroom" is in serious danger of going insane. Frommer's unique style, a kind of Franciscan hard sell, inspired millions of aesthetes to resolve to "need nothing," but frustration dodged their paths. One couple reportedly kept trying to throw their clothes away, only to be pursued by thrifty French concierges who kept trying to return them.

My own simplicity fix is a medieval fantasy: I'm a cloistered nun in a thirteenth-century Kentish convent. My cell contains nothing but a straw pallet, a prie-dieu, and a nail in the wall for my poor tattered cloak. I like this part because I'm no longer tied down by writerly detritus marked *Keep!* stacked in the corner, but a Catch-22 emerges when I flesh out the details of convent life. I have no trouble faking piety at group prayer, but when I sneak food into my cell to keep from going hungry on fast days, there's no place to store it, so I have to stack it in the corner.

IT'S a fact of human nature that people overwhelmed by problems always try to bring symbolic order out of chaos by cleaning out their closets and bookshelves; discarding things makes us feel better, or as current parlance has it, "in control." Such is America's present mood, perfectly captured in a line from Christopher Frye's play *The Lady's Not for Burning*: "What's a halo? Just something else to keep clean."

The Voluntary Simplification Movement did not disappear. It merely became superfluous when other, more comprehensive downsizing movements turned it into small potatoes.

Why throw out your clothes when you can throw out your congressman? Term limits is our national sock drawer. Why give everything to the Salvation Army when the Tenth Amendment says you should give it to the states? Why take the Simp vow to stay home rather than travel with more than one suitcase? Join the flat-tax movement and hang out with people who are less interested in taxes than in the postcard they want everything to fit on.

The ultimate simplifiers are the growing number of Americans who survey the country and grumble, "Tear it down and start all over." At the moment they're at the movies: *Independence Day* is spring cleaning writ large. □

Miss King is the author of *The Florence King Reader* and other books.

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